

HOW GREEN IS THE ARU?



GUINNESS & CIDER ON TAP, LIVE MUSIC,
PUB PRICES

unibar

8 POOL TABLES, BEER GARDEN, JUKE BOX,
SECURITY



THU 30 MAY

funk-acid-afro-lounge

FRI 31 MAY

Birdseed

SAT 1 JUNE

+ DOMINGO
+ PLUTOSTIA

SWIM

MON 3 JUNE

16ft Screen

State of Origin



FRI 7 JUNE

The Whitlams with
key stone

SAT 8 JUNE

with

LAGER FEST + Blowhard
+ P Harness
+ Nancy Vandels
+ Grinder

WED 12 JUNE

Regurgitator

+ Bordon + Henry's Anger

THU 13 JUNE

ANU
FREE!

JAZZ n JUGS
with Elephunk

FRI 14 JUNE

GADFLYS

SAT 15 JUNE

knut with ricane
+ grinder

MON 17 JUNE

16ft Screen

State of Origin



THU 20 JUNE

with **Citizen Fish**
(UK Ska Band)
+ P Harness
+ Forward Defense
+ B-Sides

ANU Union concertline: 249 2546

Christmas in June??

Yes, every Friday night (from 6.30pm) for the month of June The A.N.U. Union would like to invite you to YULEFEST - Christmas Dinner in Winter!

Enjoy a complimentary glass of mulled wine before sitting down to a 3 course traditional Christmas Dinner in the luxury of Karmel Room 3

ALL FOR ONLY \$12 PER HEAD

A 20% discount for group bookings of 10 or more apply and bookings are essential.

Functions & Conference Centre

within
The Australian National University
1st Floor, Union Building, Australian National University

Telephone: (06) 249 2004 Mobile: 018 622 338

Fax: (06) 247 3051

ASIAN DELITE IS BACK!

Every Friday night from 4.30pm to 8.00pm

For only

\$10
(Self Serve)

ALL YOU CAN EAT!

Children under 12 - half price

Special of the Night:
Cappuccino: \$1.40
Cake or Muffin: \$1.00

If you call and book, your table will be reserved and set
Telephone: 249 2004

ASIAN BISTRO
1ST FLOOR, UNION BUILDING

Stressing About Your Upcoming Exams?

Then
Don't!



Enjoy a Whole Night of Stress-Free
& Relaxation at the A.N.U. Union's

STUDENTS' PASTA & PERSONALITY NIGHT

Friday, 14 June - 7.00pm

Sullivans, 1st Floor, Union Building

For ONLY \$5
you get:

FREE Glass of Red Wine
(Just to set the mood for a biggie
as student price drinks apply!)

Pastas & Sauces

Plus Desserts / Coffee & Tea

A Bit Of R&R Before Exams
(If Only For a Night!)

All Clubs & Societies, Groups & Students Welcome
In Fact...

ALL WELCOME!!

Telephone: 249 2004

Bookings Essential

woroni

volume 48 • no 5 • may 1996

editor in chief
Bianca Nogrady

advertising manager
Peter Still

features editors
Corin Throsby
Matt Taylor

news editors
John Asker
Rachael Doland

letters editor
Heidi Zwar

entertainment editor
Dan Silkstone

regulars editor
Owen Larkin

behind the face
Adam McGlashan
Bianca Nogrady

features
Tom McCawley,
Christian Edwards,
Andrew Dempster,
Hannah Rechter, Jeanie Hayden

photography
Peter Baldwin
Christian Edwards

design work
Jodie Wearne
Matt Taylor

front cover
Bjarni Wark (thanks to all friends who helped)

contributors
Nicholas Agafonoff,
Rachel Anthony, John Asker, Alex Budd,
Jessica Coates, Julian Coldrey, Michael Cook,
Michelle Cooper, Garth Crawford, Andy Dempster, Rachael Doland, Christian Edwards, Sarah Gilbert, Phil Hall, Jason Ives, Daniel Jenkins, Caroline Knight, Owen Larkin, Macca, Patrick Mackerras, William Mackerras, Yvette Martin, Michael Mathieson, Siobhan McDonnell, Adam McGlashan, Bianca Nogrady, Gary Rasmussen, Hannah Rechter, Stephen Rebikoff, Matt Ruffin, Kristina Shugg, Dan Silkstone, Rebecca Starr, Peter Still, Corin Throsby, Nick Tolley, Robert Umphelby

director of student publications
Geoff Dunlevy

legal advice
Phil Hall

pre-press, soon to be post
Signature JER 31:33

printed by
Canweb

thanks to
Peter Spicer and the Uni Bar, Acton Supermarket, Alien Sex Fiend for musical inspiration and fashion advice.

woroni is the official publication of the ANU Students' Association and is available each month around campus.

want to see your name in print? contributions can be delivered by hand, tooth and hairy eyeball to the woroni office on the bridge, or send it to us by email at woroni@students.anu.edu.au or send it to us by post at Woroni, c/o ANU Students' Association, ANU, 0200

the opinions expressed in woroni are not necessarily those of the editors, students association or even of the contributors so if you don't like it, tough bollocks.

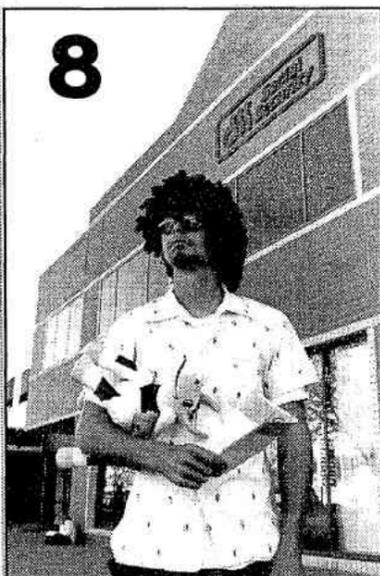
4 letters

Christ does Hunter S Thompson, and Mr Bad-Arse cops a beating of its own

6 news

Supplementary exam; coming to a university near you!
Students fight against the financial axe

features



8

8

If not X, then Y?

Our generation is herded under the title of Generation X like cattle in a slaughterhouse, but does anyone really know what Generation X represents to us? Christian Edward sets out to annihilate the misunderstanding and mystery, armed only with an inflatable cow.

12

How Green is the ANU?

For the first time in living memory, the University has finally been forced to take responsibility for the lack of environment policy on campus, by a keen and green group of students. Andrew Dempster investigates these crusaders and their fight for a greener campus.

14

Happy Days

The bright light at the end of our tunnel is coming closer, and it's not the train. So put down that razor and start planning your holidays, with the help of this little Woroni holiday guide, compiled by the mistress of mellowing-out, Jeanie Hayden.

regulars

16 Soapbox,

and a warm welcome to the National Party Students' Club, joining Soapbox for the first time

18 Out on a Limb

Tree Frog advocates post-modernism for the masses

19 campus culture

Nick Agafonoff asks if you fit the food stereotypes

21 rant and rave

Woroni joins the big corporate sellout and screws C&S - all in a day's work

22

entertainment

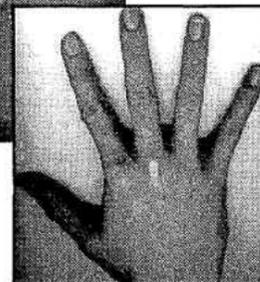
Christ really did like Monique Brumby's style, maybe you will too!
Win double passes to Othello!
plus loads of excellent reviews

30

Behind the Face



12



Letters

uvwxyzabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzabcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

Gay Superman link distressing

Dear *Woroni*,
I am writing in protest of the association of the Superman insignia with the poofs and lezzos. I am not against their monthly segment in *Woroni*, but I am against the fact that the Superman 'S' shield is being placed next to the said segment.

"backdoor shenanigans of the gays and lesbians on campus"

I do not see the connection of Superman (or Superboy of Superwoman) as particularly relevant to the backdoor shenanigans of the gays and lesbians on campus.

Superman is the symbol for 'Truth, Justice and the American Way' not for homosexuality and going to 'heaven'.

This affiliation of a childhood hero to homosexuality is almost as distressing as the previous painting of Bert and Ernie as gay lovers. (They did not really need to be lovers anyway as both had men's arms up their backsides.)

Once again, I am not against the aforementioned article, but of their misuse of popular icons in their struggle for social acceptance.

Anyway, why would Clark Kent go for Jimmy Olsen when he can have Lois! Rowr!

With deepest concern,

A member of the Justice League of the ANU and the Uncanny Spademen.

Christ Almighty

Response to letter of Hunter S. Thompson

Re: the final death of a journalistic dinosaur; a pathetic last gasp attempt to subvert the new guard; die you old fuck; the young will storm your palace and wreak havoc on your pets.

Sir,
Your thoughtful response to my dreary journalistic efforts is much appreciated. I am the first to admit that I plagiarise and steal from old fools such as yourself. However, you seem unable to grasp the realities of the situation... I'm young, you're old and the Gerber Mini-Magnum is merely my weapon of choice for my ankle holster. The rest of my personal armament is classified, and probably beyond your feeble mind. Send your hounds, your attorneys and even your personal

Mr Bad Arse Response

Dear Editor
This [Mr Bad-Arse cartoon of Edition 4] is garbage and yes you may be very proud about this, but it is tasteless and probably offensive to quite a lot of people. How can jokes about Tasmanian shooting be made? It does not hold a hint of humour.

Anon.

trainer; I will lay waste to them all and then kill their friends, relatives and animals of all description. But the lawyers I will spare, as I will have them humiliated in court, disbarred everywhere but the lower reaches of Bangladesh and fined by the High Court for threatening a friend of the Chief Justice. You can't kill a lawyer, but you can take away their money.

Let the blood flow and the body parts pile up... how I love an unfair fight.

Christ

Save paper: save forests

Dear Ed.

I would like to reply to Ms Marget's letter in your last issue ('End Wasteful Paper Trail'). I believe that Ms Marget certainly has an important point to make — and while I have certain misgivings about paying for paper in computer labs I do agree with the principle.

It becomes a little tiresome to continually hear "environmentally sensitive" members of our student body peddle 'Green' cliches and rehash stale left wing rhetoric every time their insecurities require them to climb onto their soapbox.

"while I have certain misgivings about paying for paper in computer labs I do agree with the principle"

I wonder what benefit there would be in people simply REDUCING their consumption of wood and paper products. It may be interesting to note that the timber industry is only filling a demand that we, as consumers have created. So everytime you feel the need to 'Save a Forest', start by 'Saving your Paper',

Craig Tribble.

VSU, Student control & accountability

Dear Editor,

It never ceases to amaze me how childish some of the arguments against Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU) are. In the last edition of *Woroni* there was an article in relation to the ceasing of the publication of *Lot's Wife*, with the author contending that if it were not for VSU, the newspaper would still be in publication.

This is probably so, but why?

Voluntary Student Unionism is based on the premise that students have the democratic right of joining the union if he/she feels that it will be of benefit to them. As such, unions do not have a captive market — as is the case with Compulsory

Student Unionism — and the unions are directly rather than indirectly (through student politics) accountable to students. Due to the absence of a captive market for the unions, the unions have to be accountable and representative of students needs and wants in order to gain members. That is, there is no forcible conscription of students into unions.

Many radical left-wing students are up in arms in relation to the closure of *Lot's Wife*. What these students fail to tell us is that publications such as *Lot's Wife* fail to catch the attention of the majority of students, therefore there is a lack of demand for the newspaper. As such, the implementation of VSU effectively means that these publications cease.

However, if *Lot's Wife* was representative of students views, then surely students would be willing to pay money, and there would be adequate funding for the newspaper to continue to trade, let alone make a profit!

The implementation of VSU will effectively see students having control of student affairs, rather than as present, with politicians controlling student affairs.

Denis Barlin
Students for a VSU

Inward Bound rebound

Dear Editor,

Gary Rasmussen's article about *Inward Bound* was verging on the ridiculous. *Inward Bound* will never have separate divisions for men and women because it doesn't need them. *Inward Bound* has been going for over twenty years

"Inward Bound is a gruelling sport and, I'm proud to say, a man's sport"

and there have never been any arguments before from women-only petty, politically correct columnists who don't have anything better to complain about because most women realise that *Inward Bound* is a gruelling sport and, I'm proud to say, a man's sport.

Running one hundred kilometers overnight is not for the faint hearted. If some women are good enough to get into a team, good on them — women occasionally run in the higher divs and in 1991 there was even a woman in Div 1. I don't see why they need special encouragement.

Yours sincerely,
Dominic Murray

Dear *Woroni*

Would it be possible for you to print all letters and articles by those involved in student politics on a 'softer toilet tissue' because this stuff hurts my arse

K.Poole

Dear *Woroni*,
J. Stracey's passionate defence of multinational McDonalds left me

feeling unsatisfied, like much of their fatty, sticky, overpackaged "food".

The claim that McDonalds "Australia" is different to McDonalds "Britain" is worthless.

Sure, they may separate legal entities. It's convenient for multinationals like McDonalds, Shell and Exxon to divide themselves up (on paper) so that each tentacle can be insulated from bad publicity to any of the others.

But it's the modus operandi that every McDonalds store in the world operates by that's the problem.

I encourage people to sort through MacDonal'd's packaging until they find their puny "meals" ... it all looks so much bigger on T.V

I am not comforted by the fact that McDonalds "Australia" uses 100% Australian beef. Cattle farming in this country is compacting and destroying our land and polluting our rivers. It may not be tropical rainforest, but we're still clearing parts of Australia to replace land which is

no longer useful, with unfortunate environmental consequences.

While J. Stracey also challenges the idea that McDonalds is not into exploiting youth labour, while at the same time admitting that the company lays off older workers in preference to junior ones when the going gets tough. This contradiction confirms the very fact that the writer is trying to deny. Civilised employers operate by a last on, first off rule — they don't sack older workers just because it costs more to employ them.

I encourage people to sort through McDonalds packaging until they find their puny "meals" and take a good close look. It all looks so much bigger close up on TV.

Masters of the public relations whitewash, with a tried and true strategy of putting their hooks into young children, McDonalds milkshakes may not be made out of lard or their apple pies out of chokos but they're still guilty of practicing gross deception on an unsuspecting public.

Andrew Dempster

Dear *Woroni*,
Re Bitter and Twisted last edition. Couldn't agree more, mate: your case would be much stronger if you stopped hiding behind "infantile pseudonyms".

Bob Hope

Need to get something off your chest? Well, write a letter about it and prove to the world that there is more to ANU students than ranting politics. All letters will be printed provided they are under 300 words and are submitted to the *Woroni* Office or put in the box outside the SA or sent to woroni_articles@anu.edu.au by 5pm on Thursday of deadline week. There now. Don't you feel better already?

Weekly Meditation



Shri Mataji - Founder of Sahaja Yoga

- Free
- Spontaneous
- Silent

"Meditation is the only way you can grow. There is no other way out, because when you meditate, you are in silence, you are in thoughtless awareness. Then the growth of awareness takes place."

Wednesdays 12 - 1pm
The Lounge, Level 1, The Bridge

ALL WELCOME

For more information phone: 2810081

Bobby McFerrin Queen's Birthday Long Weekend

BOOM BOOM DANCE PARTY

Sunday 9th June 1996

with DJ's Pete+Jim playing the latest dance+techno • 7pm 'til late

\$5

BMC VIP + HIP = NO COVER CHARGE

Upon presentation of this card before 10pm

\$2.00 Domestic Beer & House Wine

\$2.50 Basic Spirits

Call Sharon on 257 7999 for further details

Wanted: photographer

Must have:

- own camera
- an ability to take photographs
- an ability to liaise with people
- vision in at least one eye.

Contact Bianca Nogrady on 248 7127, by email to woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au, or by dropping into the woroni office.

anusu Sports Store

North Road, ACTON, 0200
Phone :- (06) 249 7568

Winter Stocktake Sale Commences Mon 3 June

Reebok

AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!!

Call In And Pick Up A Bargain With Our Store Wide Cheap Prices!!!

Opening Hours

Mon - Fri 10am - 6.30 pm
Sat - Sun 10am - 3 pm

ANU

THE A.N.U. LAW STUDENTS' SOCIETY
THE A.N.U. UNION
&
THE A.N.U. STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
present

The 1996 Annual Law Ball

SATURDAY, JULY 27
KARMEL ROOMS, 1ST FLOOR, UNION BUILDING
7PM FOR 7.30PM

TICKETS:
ONLY \$25 (MEMBERS)
\$30 NON-MEMBERS

ALL WELCOME!

Delicious 3 Course Dinner
Beer/Wine/Soft Drinks inc.
Great Entertainment
Lucky Door Prizes

TICKETS AVAILABLE:
A.N.U. UNION OFFICE • 249 2446
LAW FRONT OFFICE • 249 4025
R.S.V.P.: 5PM 24 JULY

* Vegetarian meals available only ordered when purchasing ticket

Pol Sci Under Review

by Caroline Knight

An external review of the Political Science department was held on May 2 and 3.

The review is a standard departmental process as part of the general university policy that all departments be reviewed on a regular basis.

External reviews are designed to examine all aspects of departmental operations. This includes its undergraduate and post-graduate teaching, research, scholarship and research supervision.

The review has the power to recommend discontinuation of the department, but is essentially a source of evaluation and suggestions.

Submissions were called for from students, academics and all associated with the department.

The team conducting the review was chaired by Beryl Rawson, head of the classics department. There were five other members including the Dean of the faculty, Dr Saha, and representatives from other universities.

Reviews of other university departments have been held recently, including Womens Studies, Archaeology and Anthropology. The last review of the Political Science department was held in 1983.

The results of the review will be presented in a public report which is due out in mid to late June.

Intervarsity Debating Championships At ANU

The 1996 Australasian Intervarsity Debating Championships will be held at ANU in July.

The tournament is hosted at a different university in the Australasian region each year. The Governor-General, Sir William Deane, is the official patron of the tournament this year, in which 265 debaters will compete from countries as far away as South Africa. Major sponsor for the event will be *The Australian*.

The competition incorporates public debates during the week of 7-14 July. The semi-finals, the last of the public debates, are to be conducted in the Senate committee rooms of New Parliament House at noon on Saturday 13 July.

ANU will field six teams in the competition. "We've done well in the past," said Gillian O'Mara, the Deb Soc President, "So I guess things look good for this one."

Double Your Chances More Supplementary Fun

by Rebecca Starr

A Student Association proposal shortly to come before the Board of the Faculties (BOTFAC) raises the possibility of Supplementary Examinations being offered to ANU students by the end of 1996.

Mr. William Mackerras, President of the Student Association, is confident that at the next meeting of BOTFAC, academic staff and student representatives will vote to introduce Supplementary examinations at the ANU. "It has taken a long time. The last three Student Associations have all fought to provide this option for students. This time I have to say that the numbers are definitely in our favour. I'm predicting Supplementary Examinations will be offered as part of the 1996 November Examination timetable."

In broad terms the proposal to be submitted to BOTFAC calls for Supplementary Examinations to be offered *automatically* to all students who narrowly fail an examination, (receiving a mark between 45-49%), in a subject where they have passed the requisite course work.

Currently further examinations are available to students who fail only at the discretion of individual

lecturers. Mackerras argues that a discretionary system of further examination is detrimental to students, producing widespread inequity, inefficiency, and distortion within the present marking system.

"The discretionary nature of the

"If we vote to have the vote we'll almost certainly win the vote. In my opinion."

-William Mackerras

present system creates a situation where a final year student in one faculty will be offered a second examination upon failure, yet the same opportunity is denied to other students,

at an earlier stage in their degree, and to students within other faculties."

It is also argued in the proposal that a discretionary system is inappropriate given the varied nature of courses offered at the ANU. If supplementary examinations are available only to students who are perceived by lecturers as having performed well below their proven ability, then students enrolled in subjects with little course assessment have little or no opportunity to prove to lecturers that they deserve a further examination.

Mr Mackerras noted that acceptance of the proposal faces a preliminary hurdle at the next BOTFAC meeting. The Steering Committee may recommend that the proposal be referred back to individual faculties for further discussion and comment. Such a referral would inevitably delay the Board taking a final vote on the matter.

"We feel that there is no call for further discussion. This is not a new proposal. Students submitted similar proposals in 1993 and 1994. The faculties are all aware of the issues. Hopefully this can be settled quickly and decisively. I am reasonably confident that it will be."

Students Rally Against Education Cuts

by Geoff Labonzski

Over forty people attended the first Canberra-wide Education Action Group (EAG) meeting on May 20. Students from ANU and University of Canberra met to discuss the current government proposal to cut funding to tertiary institutions, and to organise a Canberra wide student rally.

ANU resistance club organiser Nick Soudakoff said that "the upcoming cuts to education funding look like being the most severe attack on education access and quality in the last twenty years. Resistance initiated the EAG so that there would be a forum for activists, groups and Student Associations to organise and co-ordinate an ongoing campaign against the cuts. Given the attendance of such a range of groups and individuals at the first meeting, I think the campaign is off to a great start."

The meeting heard a report from Peter Davidson, Industrial Officer for the ACT branch of the National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) which outlined the Union's plan of action. The NTEU decided on a national week of action beginning May

27 with a nation-wide 24 hour strike to be held on May 30. The NTEU is demanding a 15 per cent fully funded wage rise and a properly funded higher education sector.

The May 30 rally will coincide with a national day of action called by the National Union of Students (NUS). Student rallies at UCAN and ANU will link up

with NTEU staff outside DEETYA and the joint protest will culminate at Parliament House.

The meeting was concerned with making the most effective possible use of student time. It was decided finally that disruption to classes in the short term was justified by the larger aim of defending the education system.



ANU has a long tradition of activism - megaphones and placards are optional.

An Education At BoZo

by Michael Cook

The new Botany and Zoology building, currently under construction, will be completed on schedule - due in part to the builders' enjoyment of working on the ANU campus. Project Manager Martin Phillips is happy at the amount of progress on site, and believes much is due to the 'difference of attitude' between the ANU and other client bodies. "It's the people you deal with... The ANU is pretty good - they're easy to get along with, not too difficult. They know what they want, and we do our best to provide the service they're after."



The building blocks of tertiary learning - no degree without a hard hat

Builders at the BoZo construction site believe working on the ANU campus is 'really cool' and has helped them keep to schedule. Whilst initially hesitant to comment, several 'construction technicians' nominated the most positive features of the University: Frank's favourite aspect of the ANU is "all the pretty girls that walk past". Sergi, however, especially appreciates "the 'friendly' hand gestures of passing kids", whilst Bazza commented that "this is the best time I've spent at school in me [sic] life! If I stay 'round a bit more I'll nab a degree."

The building, which has been under construction since November 1995, will be finished at the end of October.

Environment Conference

At last The National Environment conference will be taken out of the big cities and lecture halls, into the bush. Four days in Lismore, at the beginning of July, promise to be an extravaganza for students with an environmental leaning.

Feel like four days of field trips and workshops on the North coast? Join the ANU delegation by contacting Di Euwer -2577825.

Save Our Rivers

by Rachael Antony

Unless you have spent the last ten years in a soundproof, windowless bunker without a television, newspapers or telephone, you will probably be aware that the environment is completely screwed.

Save the Rivers campaign is aimed at attracting ordinary, environmentally concerned people into productive and positive action towards preserving and repairing damage done to the river system.

Save the Rivers is currently orchestrating a national education and action campaign. It has organised a competition whereby teams or individuals will compete for prizes awarded to the most extensive and thoughtful removal of problematic exotic fish and plant species from river sites. The first competition will target carp in the Murray-Darling Basin.

Save the Rivers are also holding tri-monthly seminars here at the ANU. The next seminar will be held on July 20 and will focus on riparian zones, bank restoration and revegetation of rivers.

The seminar will be opened by Dr Joe Baker, Commissioner for the Environment in the ACT and chairperson of the Land Care Commission. Speakers include Professor Henry Nix, Director of Environmental Research at the ANU.

Anyone interested in entering the competitions, attending the seminar, or making donations to the campaign or competition (ie prizes) should register with Norma Holt, president of Save the Rivers. PH) 06 - 231 5398, or Fax) 249 3967. Or write to: Save the Rivers, PO Box 20 Wanniasa ACT 2903.

"...Piss On Or Piss Off"

A Night At B&S 1996

The annual Interhall Bachelor & Spinners ball was held on Saturday May 18. The venue was Old Canberra Inn. As one astute drinker confirmed "it ain't a woolshed." This is the first year that the event has not been held in its traditional surroundings, but Interhall organisers were forced to compromise after facing liquor licensing restrictions.



Clockwise, from bottom left: As the night wore on everyone was smiling, although some smiles were bigger than others; "You don't sweat much for a fat chick" was Ian's pick up line for the night. Commenting on the band Phil and Ian were not impressed by "the boot scootin' shit - You can tell its bad when all the country boys sing along"; If I close my eyes I'm back in the woolshed; "Eat shirt was not what I said!"; "So far the evening has been fucking awesome, and we have scoped the talent - its not bad...but some of us have boyfriends! AAGH!"

Sullies Un-Sullied

by Michael Cook

Noticed a disgusting smell around the Law Faculty recently? It's due partially to the extensive dredging of Sullivan's Creek, in an effort to increase water flow, lower silt levels, and reduce stagnation in the University's popular waterway.

George Abraham, Head Gardener of the ANU, believes the dredging has had a considerable effect on the creek: "The water has become cleaner, smells less, and when it rains the water will move through more quickly, leaving less silt." The last time the creek was dredged was 15 years ago, and if the work hadn't been repeated, Sullivan's Creek would have "completely stopped flowing".

Surprisingly, few weird or disgusting objects were pulled from the bottom of the creek. There were, of course, several shopping trolleys and a couple of handbags, but the lack of interesting items disappointed Mr Abraham. "We were hoping for a body or two, but unfortunately they didn't show."

Mr Abraham is keen to stress that the creek's mud will not be wasted. Over the next two years the recovered dirt, mixed with leaf fall and other fill, will be used around campus on landscaping jobs. The Head Gardener believes this 'really good' soil will "save the ANU a fortune - instead of buying soil mix, we now have our own supply."

SPORT

Painful Pleasure?

For years the ANU Fitness Centre has been a purveyor of pain. Now, as the cranes and sledge hammers move in, it is on the receiving end.

The crowning jewel in the renovations currently undertaken at the fitness centre is the "Cardio Theatre". To the feeble this name may conjure up frightening images of fitness dispensed by defibrillators. But the "Cardio Theatre" is set to introduce a new concept to the fitness world - enjoyment. While most people have consciences that speak the merits of exercise, the ever presence of flaccid bodies and flab rolls in this world suggests that exercise is viewed as boring - a dull option next to pizza and a B-grade video.

The "Cardio Theatre" offers an audiovisual smorgasbord dished out from six 68 cm televisions. On show will be Galaxy pay TV. Headphones will allow members to access CD quality sound from the available six TV stations or two FM radio sta-



Comment

by Macca

tions. Meanwhile an army of 20 machines - steppers, rowers, bikes, treadmills and recumbents - will stand ready to work members into states of cardiovascular nirvana.

If construction proceeds as planned the "Cardio Theatre" will have a grand opening early in August 1996. Renovations for the rest of the fitness centre should be completed before this date. The gym section should be finished by the 8th of June, followed by the opening of the new squash courts on the 11th June.

Imagine walking up stairs to the sound of the "A-team" theme song or cycling next to "Knight Rider" - this is the promise of the "Cardio Theatre".

Building Up To The Games

by Dean Christie

Excitement and anticipation is building at the ANU as the 1996 Schweppes Sports Plus Australian Universities Games draws closer, with only just over four months to the big event. Preparations and intense training are well under way in all sports, and this year the ANU expects to enter the highly competitive Games with some strong teams. The 1996 Games will see a similar range of sports contested as at previous events with the addition of some exciting new ones.

Rowing will make its debut at the Games in 1996, promising an additional five hundred eager competitors at the event. A strong sense of tradition is associated with rowing at the ANU, with the university hoping to perform well. The ANU rowing teams will count on having the 'home ground advantage' at the Games, with the event being held nearby on the Lake Burley Griffin course.

Duathlon will also make its debut as a demonstration

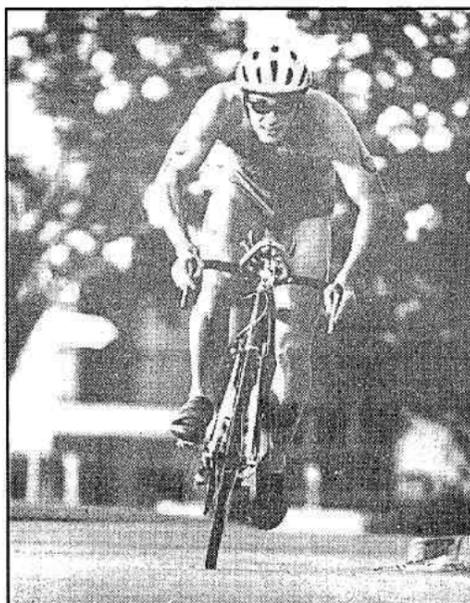
sport at the Games, at the expense of triathlon. The change in format to the Duathlon (cycling and running) is due to the water temperature in Canberra at the time of the Games, but this change will not take away from the standard or competi-

tiveness of this event. Tae Kwon Do, Diving and Rugby League Sevens will not be seen at the 1996 Games after being contested in 1995 at Darwin.

A number of ANU sporting clubs including water polo, rowing, athletics, basketball, rugby and others have provided representatives to various Sports Committees for the 1996 Games. These committees are responsible for the technical aspects and overall organisation of each sport leading up to and during the Games.

The 1996 Games will provide a unique opportunity for students at the ANU and Australia-wide to compete in a serious sporting competition, and this year the Games are shaping to be the most successful University sporting event ever staged in this country.

Watch out in future editions of Woroni for more news and updates on the 1996 Schweppes Sports Plus Australian Universities Games.



Turning the corner at the 1995 University Games in Darwin

If not X then Y?

So a teacher once called you lazy, you have more than one REM album, and you even own a brown suede jacket. Does this mean you should be herded up with everyone else under the age of 28 and branded with an X? **Christian Edwards** looks at who we are, why we're here, and whether the **Generation X** stereotype is one we can shake. Yeah, whatever...



"They missed the 60s, but for many marketers that was a formative decade. They were two when Nixon resigned (or 5 when Gough was chucked out), five when video recorders were introduced. They were six when Stallone starred in *Rocky* and fourteen when *Rambo 2* came out. They were ten when Lennon was shot. They were eleven when the first IBM PC was marketed. They were fourteen at the height of the yuppie. They were sixteen when Chernobyl blew and nineteen at the Tiananmen Square uprising and when the Berlin Wall came down. They were twenty one when the Gulf War started. And they were twenty two when Madonna produced her book *Sex*."
McCann Erickson Marketing Report

Left: X or Y? You decide

In the spirit of catch up journalism, *Woroni* had sent me a fax on my secure line informing me of the need for an article on Generation X. "Didn't *Who* magazine run with that last year?" I asked. The reply was yes, but in the spirit of our illustrious paper it's better to run old news than blank spaces on the page. I was forced to accept.

It seems the last thing anyone wants to talk about these days is their definable place in the scheme of the 'great shit fight'. The idea of Generation X repels more people than it attracts. You would think that the name of a generation would be an icon, or focal point for a generation, however, it is a concept that has been thrust upon us rather than invented by us. I mean, who wants to be part of a generation named after the band that gave us Billy Idol?

Actually it's the other way round, Billy grabbed the name from some British self-improvement manual for

young adults written by Charles Hamblett and Jane Deverson in 1965. The term seems more a boon for advertising execs, psychologists and historians rather than any meaningful focus for those supposedly in the grip of the X.

Jack Kerouac coined the term 'Beat Generation' and Gertrude Stein likewise told us that all her buddies were the 'Lost Generation', they knew what they were talking about. They were labelling from the inside and as a result the tags had credibility and purpose. The fact

that our glorious label appeared out of nowhere and descended upon us like so much green slime just adds to the chronic cynicism that is a hallmark of this generation.

Once a name sticks, you are generally stuck with it... just ask anyone nicknamed 'fuckstick' on the playground.

So who does it refer to? Some geeks reckon it includes anyone born from the 50s and 60s on. Yeah... like, I'd like to see them in a Pepsi Max commercial. Then there is the idea that it is anyone who turned 18 in the nineties — yes, that includes all of you beautiful first years. But I'm sure everyone has their own idea of what places them in the category or removes them from it. Choose your own adventure.

So, is the diligent student with two jobs and a Distinction average any less gen X than the unemployed slacker in three different grunge bands? If the overwhelming theme of the generation is in its attitude then the answer is no. Our attitudes are an inheritance from the Baby Boomers' world. We have grown up surrounded and submerged by the images of prosperity and indulgence that pervaded that generation and its post war world. Despite the fact that the dream of the Boomers are no longer viable in a world where natural resources can no longer sustain a low tech existence, and there is not enough room for everyone in a high tech existence; we are still dominated by a culture that is slow to recognise the hole we are in. Unemployment and slow economic growth may be well represented in the nightly news but the effects on our section of society are not.

So we know it is happening, we know we are hard pressed to find work, but this can almost be obliterated by the car and mortgage commercials, and the flashy gloss of how we watch ourselves portrayed on TV. In general this state of affairs engenders cynicism, lack of faith in institutions and moderate self destruction in a fair majority of our glorious generation.

No? Well, that is the other definitional problem. As another unifying feature is disunity. Which means any general comments I make are bound to be hounded and attacked by a thousand voices of dissent. Why are we so unwilling to be grouped together? I suppose diversity and individuality have a lot to answer for, as we strive to distinguish ourselves from the masses we are also isolating ourselves from each other... brings a tear to the eye, doesn't it?

The factors inducing this disintegration are not a product of recklessness on our behalf. They are the economic, social and political by-products of a world sliding in uncertain directions. The need for money drives many of us into alienating jobs or onto the more fun but less directional dole queue. Dysfunctional families are the norm now and the extremes of

divorce and child abuse are close in our minds. We don't necessarily have to experience it, so much as know it is there to be affected by it. And politics... the word itself is enough these days to conjure dissatisfaction and loathing. The political apathy stems from the fact that there is little real choice and fuck all you can do about the situation. Cop out? Possibly. But in the words of Winona in *Reality Bites* (crap film I admit) "you blame us for not taking up the revolution you traded for a pair of running shoes."

So do these things drive us away from each other and into our own little worlds, from which a general label seems so incongruous? Again I can here the screams, "NO! Not me I'm happy."

Some nerdburger on the net actually tried to point to a

survey done recently in the states saying that the majority of people in their twenties are not more dissatisfied than their elders. "Among those 18 to 29 years old, only 18% expressed dissatisfaction with their lives, compared to 22% of those 30 to 29 years old and 19% of those 50 or older", Richard Morin. But it is a mistake to zero in on one aspect and draw massive conclusions just as it is a mistake to focus on the superficial aspects of the generation named X.

It is not about what you wear, what you listen to, what you smoke or what you do with your mornings... instead this generation is about reacting to the social, economic and political factors we have been left with, each in our own unique way. We are on the cusp of uncertainty. The slacker on the dole is reacting to the world just as the diligent student is. They are both looking for clues to their future and trying to decide what path to take. The unfortunate thing is that life paths are now increasingly indistinct, unlike those of twenty years ago that often led to one company or one type of job. Those who attempt to follow the career path have to pay a higher price these days, 60 hour weeks are not uncommon just to get your foot in the door of the firm or corporation of your choice. Each way; drop out, get a job or follow your creative soul — it is a reaction to surroundings that demand a high price for certainty.

The criticisms of this nebulous group often stem from our elders telling us we are the luckiest generation on Earth and to stop whingeing. PJ O'Rourke's advice to Gen X was to "turn your cap around, pull your pants up and get a job". The stereotypes in that sentence speak for themselves. The attitude is typical of those who have lived through the years of certainty and superimpose their memories of youth on how

Why are we so unwilling to be grouped together? I suppose diversity and individuality have a lot to answer for, as we strive to distinguish ourselves from the masses we are also isolating ourselves from each other. Brings a tear to the eye, doesn't it?



Above: The Choice of an Old Generation
Below: Our home away from home?



cool they think the nineties are. Obviously the resulting image is going to be a rosy one. The only real motivation to understand our generation seems to be to sell us something, the real experts on our generation sit behind desks at *Coca-Cola* Headquarters.

So who's next on the generation train? The Nintendo generation or generation Y has been mooted as the follow up to the successful marketing of our generation. These little spuds are supposedly the product of violent, interactive games instead of plain old TV, giving them short attention spans and itchy trigger fingers. Is it me, or are generations getting smaller and smaller? The Babyboomers encompassed twenty years and now Generation X is dead (or at least unmarketable) after less than ten years.

It is not about what you wear, what you listen to, what you smoke or what you do with your mornings... instead this generation is about reacting to the social, economic and political factors we have been left with, each in our own unique way.

One thing I have discovered in compiling this mess is that we all have ideas on the subject. We all seem to contemplate the term, and have ready-made answers anytime someone is dumb enough to ask 'are you a part of Generation X?' I can assure you I have the black eyes to prove it.

There is a strong argument for the fact that this article just perpetuates the language of oppression; continues the myth created by our control freak, label-mad elders, and that I am giving credence to their Frankenstein by regurgitating their words from the generation itself. But we cannot ignore this lame nickname, nor can we change it. What we can do is write back to the creators, take back the impetus for defining your own generation.

The term itself is virtually bankrupt now, it is so full of connotation and derelict images — like a dead star turning into a black hole — all the categorisations in the world can disappear into it now, and nothing will come out. We may thrive on an escapist culture, we may be cynical, we may watch too much TV, we may opt out of any predetermined roles dictated to us... but we are not the sum total of these minor qualities. What 'we' are is not for me to say, which could be the fundamental flaw of the whole Gen X debate — I mean, everyone is rushing around defining it when nobody wants to be bound by definitions.

The only thing certain is that the majority of us will out live the babyboomers, and then we can rename their generation and write nasty things about them.



TODAY'S TEXTS FOR HALF PRICE

Use The Sydney Morning Herald and The Australian Financial Review to keep up to date on local, national and world events, economic trends and community affairs.

Present your student ID at the Campus Newsagency to purchase 10 vouchers for half the cover price of The Sydney Morning Herald or The Australian Financial Review.

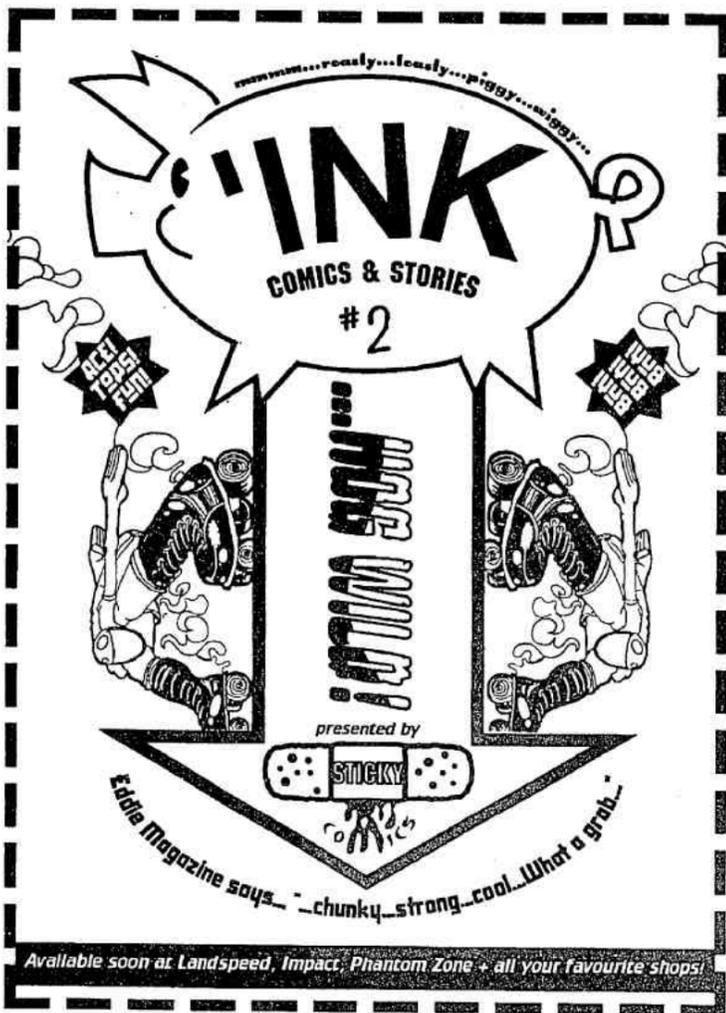
Vouchers are redeemable only with the Newsagent on Campus.

The Sydney Morning Herald
THE AUSTRALIAN
FINANCIAL REVIEW
ON CAMPUS

A Division of

THE JOHN FAIRFAX
EDUCATION UNIT

ESMH4/1950



The ANU Students' Association Second Hand Bookshop offers life-affirming experiences for the entire ANU population. Visit it Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 10-12 a.m.

Housing Online

Need a place to live?

Accommodation information and a listing of properties and rooms available on the private rental market is now on the Internet through the CIS Home Page.

URL: <http://cis.anu.edu.au/Housing/housing.html>

For more information contact the Housing Referral Service Officer on 243 3100 or 018 623 860.

This service is brought to you by the ANU Housing Office.

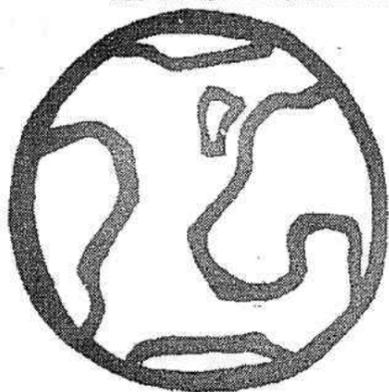
This is a drawing of the actual cow caught on camera in the company of Mr X. Colour this cow in as you see appropriate and you can win a case of Jolt Cola, the choice of generation X, courtesy of the legends at Acton Supermarket..

Name

Student ID

Phone no.....

The lucky winner of the last colouring competition was Melissa Jordan, allegedly aged 7.



HANDS ON!

Concerned about the way the university is handling its environment, a group of students has decided to take action. *Andrew Dempster* looks at the new student push for environmental change at the ANU and the leadup to World Environment Day on June 5.

Last edition of *Woroni*, a letter appeared. It was buried among all the other letters, lost in the usual bickering that passes for political discussion here at ANU, but the letter made an important point. The author wrote to express her concern at the wastage we see around the university, and in particular, the free paper for laser printing which can be found in any of the computer labs on campus. It's kind of like a twenty-four hour all-you-can-eat smorgasbord in the computer room, but who pays?

Let's take another example of sub-optimal resource use. ANU is a massive university, sprawling over 120

hectares of land. Compare that to the twenty-story University of Technology on George Street in Sydney — there, the university department which takes care of “Buildings and Grounds” is just called “Building”. A lot of our space is filled by grass, lush green grass which takes a lot of water. Consequently, we use a huge quantity of water to keep things looking good. It doesn't make sense to water that grass in the middle of the day, because a lot of the moisture being added just evaporates away. No wonder students from the School of Resource and Environmental Management pull out their hair when they see university sprinklers pumping out water into the atmosphere around lunch time. Buildings and Grounds have made an effort to reform watering practices in recent years, but you still see the occasional renegade sprinkler spurting forth in high spirits when the sun is high in the sky.

It's examples like these that have spurred a group of ANU students to demand that the university take a good close look at its environmental practices.

Universities, for all their good intentions, combine some of the worst features of bureaucracies and big businesses. Because they're bureaucratic, the wheels of change turn slow — sometimes, not at all, unless there's someone giving the whole vehicle a bit of a gentle shove. And because they're like big businesses, money is always tight. Anything that costs money and doesn't contribute to the bottom line is treated with profit-hungry scepticism.

Now students are taking matters into their own hands.

The scene has been set since 1991. That year, a group of students who organised *Students, Science and Sustainability* (an annual nationwide conference for students concerned about the environment) put pressure on the Vice-Chancellor to do something about putting sound environmental practices into place at the ANU. Thus was born the Environmental Audit committee, which since 1991 has done... well, very little, actually. It's currently in its sixth year of operation without even coming close to doing what its title suggests is the reason for its existence — an environmental audit.

Part of the reason for the committee's failure to produce results may lie with the fact that it is currently chaired by one of the busiest men in the University and the one with the longest official title — Professor Richard Campbell, Pro-Vice Chancellor and Chair, Board of the Faculties. The committee itself has no secretary and no resources of its own, one small but meaningful indication of the importance attributed to environmental issues by the University.

That hasn't perturbed Hannah Rechter, the sole undergraduate student representative on the audit committee. Last year, to the surprise of some of the other committee members, she really began to push the environmental audit idea forward.

“My idea was that the ANU, as an institution, should develop an environmental policy and treat it with as much seriousness and attention as it has its other policies, such as the Campus Development Plan and the Occupational Health and Safety Program,” she said.

Now, as a member of the new student environmental group “Naturally Connected”, Rechter has been working on the campaign to make students aware of the importance of an environmental audit, and ultimately to convince ANU Council to commit some of the university's scarce resources to developing a comprehensive environmental policy.

“Part of developing a policy will be doing an environmental audit of the campus,” said Rechter.

“That's a baseline activity which needs to be done,

for a couple of purposes. The University is amazingly decentralised — the left hand doesn't know what the right hand is doing. There are lots of disparate environmental activities happening, and it's not across the board — so some places are really good and others are really bad.”

“An audit will evaluate our current environmental practices, identify areas in which things could be improved, and put in university-wide plans to improve environmental performance.”

“In the past, the university's approach to environmental management has been completely *ad hoc*. We believe that the university needs to develop one central environmental policy that all areas of the university can implement.”

Environmental auditing is not the sort of thing that one or two people can do in their spare time. Naturally Connected believes that a properly qualified person should be hired by the university to make sure the job is done right, preferably somebody who has a degree of independence from the university.

Members of the Environmental Audit Committee have responded favourably to the new student initiative, but the big test will be later in the year, when a proposal is put before ANU Council. For the environmental audit proposal to be successful, it's vital that Council knows that students are right behind it.

World Environment Day on Wednesday 5 June has been earmarked as the day that all students can show their support for the environment audit. From the Monday of that week, Naturally Connected will be showing a video — written and produced by ANU students — which will highlight some of the environmental issues facing the university. Then, they're asking all students who support the environment audit to come by the Union to trace their hands in



Students dump on ANU's environmental policy

chalk on Union Court.

For students concerned about their immediate environs, it will be a paper-free, low-resource way of making the point, and of symbolically ‘claiming’ the university as their own. Local and national celebrities and a few wheezy politicians have been invited to attend to show their support for the student initiative.

“We've got a wonderful campus but it's not necessarily a green campus,” said Rechter. “We're in a position now where we can really do something positive to make things happen.”

You can contact Naturally Connected on 2492444 or through their web page at http://student.anu.edu.au/Clubs/Naturally_Connected

How green is our campus?

One of the things that is being done to get people going on this issue is the production of a five-minute video, titled “How green is the ANU?” and filmed by ANU's Naturally Connected environment group.

“The video aims to challenge the perception that the environment is just trees and recycling — it's to present the idea that we interact with the environment every day, whether we're sitting in Union Court having lunch, we're working in a lab or writing notes in a lecture theatre — we're interacting with the environment in lots of different ways,” said Hannah Rechter.

“We're going to show different images of the way particular resources are used by the university — including nuclear and radioactive waste and biohazards on campus.”

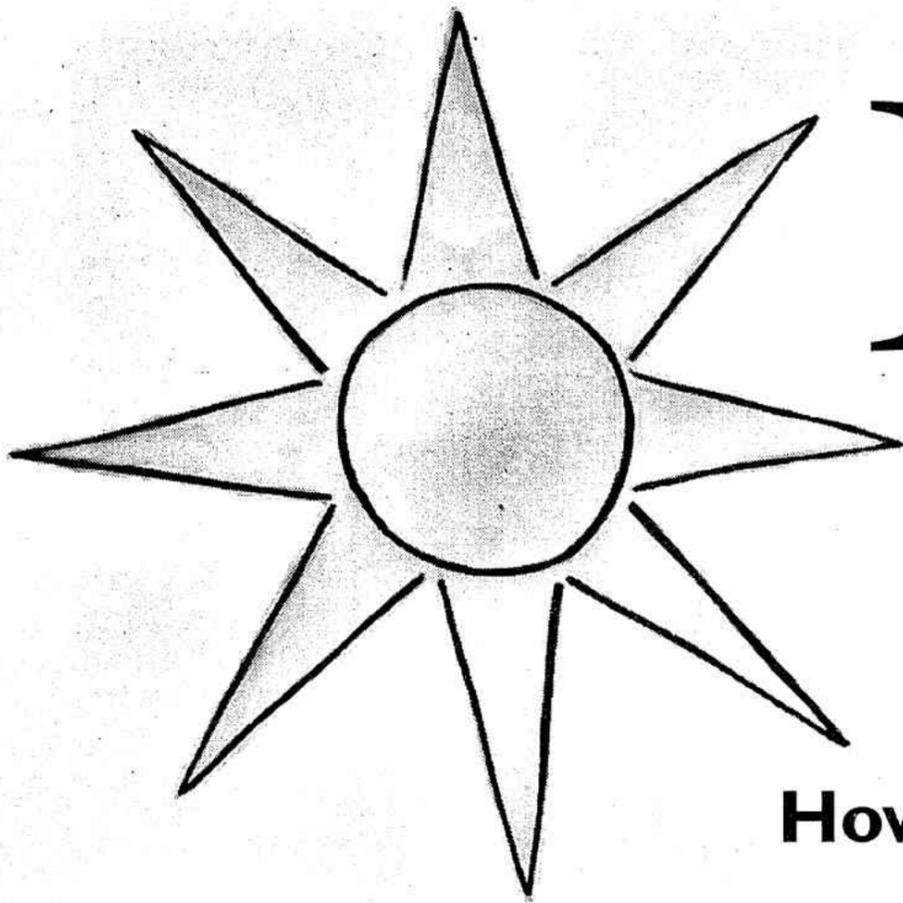
The video will be shown in between lectures from Monday 3 June to Wednesday 5 June, in each of the 22 lecture theatres on campus which have a video available.

“The idea is for people, as they're walking in and out of their lectures, to sit down and watch it or at least grab a glimpse,” said Rechter.

“We want this video to start getting people thinking about the way ANU uses its resources, to know about the idea of an environmental audit and to highlight the need for it.”

Filming has already commenced and will continue this week.

Naturally Connected is looking for volunteers who can play the video at the beginning of their lectures.



Happy Days

How to Handle Your Holidays

University students have a great lifestyle. Sometimes it's difficult to remember this when you are looking down at the computer screen in the middle of an all-nighter, but we generally get over a **third of the year** away from the lecture circuit (compared to a paltry 4 weeks off for the people in the real world). The flip side to being a student is that most of us are fairly short of cash. Yet some holidays can be extremely cheap, and others can be a combination of fun and work. To give you some ideas of different things that are available, Four students have outlined how they managed to spend the holidays a bit differently. Now there's no excuse to sit at home in front of Oprah.

Lettuce Chipping and Mental Health

How did I come to spend 10 days of my summer break standing in lettuce fields chipping weeds with an ex-criminal? It was straight after the end of year exams, and I was feeling really drained and kind of festy. I needed some mindless outdoor activity as part of my post-exam convalescence.

I caught a Greyhound out to Griffith and stayed with some friends in a cheap motel. Each day we would get up at 4.30am, have breakfast, cycle the



Fraser Island: Crack open the Chianti and tuck into grilled skipjack

20kms to the lettuce farm in the dark, and start work at 6.00am, just as the sun began to rise

We worked in pairs, moving up and down the rows. By 10 am the sun was oppressively hot, and at lunch-time we would go swimming in the irrigation channels. We knocked off at 2.30pm, and as we cycled back into Griffith, I invariably got a blood nose from the 38 degree heat.

The motel had a pool, and I would laze around the whole afternoon. At night-time, I met other seasonal workers who were also staying there. A guy passing through told me that he had earned a paltry \$30 in his first two days of orange picking. He was paid by the crate, and just couldn't match the experienced workers. I was getting paid \$10 per hour. He asked me whether there were any jobs going, and when I said no, he said he'd try his hand at strawberries.

The work was monotonous and hard, but the company made up for it. There were some real characters: an ex-criminal who smoked joints during "smoko", an ex-alcoholic who was by far the best worker, some locals who spent their pay at the pub every Thursday night, and other seasonals who could tell stories all day.

On the weekend there was contract work whereby we got paid by the row. Because it was such good money, we worked 11 hours on the Saturday and 12 hours on the Sunday. By the second Wednesday, however, I'd had enough and jumped on a Greyhound to Brisbane.

I had worked ten days straight and netted just over \$1000. I wouldn't do it a second time, and I'm not

sure whether it helped my post-exam convalescence, but it certainly did help with the ticket to Spain later that summer.

Nathan Yates

Living On a Tropical Island

Last summer I had no money but I really needed to get away from Canberra. I had a bit of hospitality experience so I applied to about 15 island resorts on the Queensland Barrier Reef. The whole idea sounds great — sun, beach, resort lifestyle and just a bit of work. The problem is just about every waitress/receptionist in Australia thinks the same thing and about 20 resumes arrive at the resorts each day. I got knocked back by all of them, particularly since I told the truth and said I only wanted work over the summer months. I decided to risk it and travelled up to stay at Airlie Beach — the gateway to about 7 islands. Once I was up there I found that there were plenty of jobs going — the CES has vacancies go up every day. I hung out for about 2 weeks because I wanted a reception position and ended up working on South Molle Island — a traditional tropical paradise resort

It was different from what I expected. The work was fun and it was great to be able to play golf and tennis on our time off, but a lot of the people working there were just passing through on the way to nowhere. The average period of employment was only 8 weeks so different people were coming and going

all the time.

There is a lot to be said for the location though, I used to go walking around the hilly island in the afternoon and the balmy evenings are certainly conducive to summer flings. I had a great time on my days off, snorkelling, visiting other islands, and I even completed a scuba diving course.

I didn't come back with a lot of money, although you do get paid reasonable rates — \$400 minus \$80 for food and board, but I spent most money up there, and brought myself a plane ticket home. Only one island, Lindemann, regularly takes on University students, and so I would not mention that you are planning to head back to Canberra after 10 weeks. After all, if the average stay is generally only 8 weeks, you are not really putting them out. Overall, it can be a great holiday if you are looking for something completely different from Canberra and a chance to meet some... well, different people.

Jeanie Hayden

Working for Peace

Volunteer work in a developing country is a great way to see the countries and feel that you are giving something more substantial to the people there than pens and chocolate. The problem is that some volunteer organisations only want you to if you can commit to a long time period or already have a university degree.

International volunteers for Peace is one organisation that runs short term volunteer projects around the world. When you join you get this fantastic little guide book that outlines the hundreds of different projects that will be on that year. You can just pick which one interests you and after a short interview you can book yourself in to the ones that you want.

I worked on two projects when I visited Nepal over the summer — one for 3 weeks and one for 2 weeks.

Both projects that I participated in involved construction. In the first we dug a very exciting irrigation ditch for the school, and in the second we helped lay the foundations of the town hall. The work was quite physically demanding but also tremendously fun. The volunteer group consisted of between 15-18 people from all around the globe and part of the fun of volunteering was meeting all these people. International Volunteers for Peace really try to encourage this cultural interaction both within the group and with the villagers. We slept at spare rooms in people's homes, and each day a different family would cook food for us. Staying three weeks in one place certainly gives you time to really get to know some people.

My experiences with the short term projects were good, but I have heard that a lot can depend on the kind of co-ordinator you get and the particular group dynamics. The only problems is that the projects are on for specific dates and you have to schedule your holiday around them. Some people may prefer working on something like an archaeological dig where you can come and go when it suits you.

International Volunteers for Peace often run slide shows in Canberra to show you really what the

volunteer work is like. If you are interested give them a call in Sydney to get more details.

Vivien Doyle

Cane Toads and Chianti

This has got to be the ultimate "get-away-from-it-all" spot. You can recline on steep, shimmering sand-dunes and gaze out to the sea, watch whales humping; fish for your breakfast, or just lie under a tree and think deep thoughts. It is an ideal student holiday spot for the stressed, not only because there are no phones and no computers, but because Fraser Island stands out as one of the last unspoilt holiday spots in Queensland.

The island itself is a unique natural wonder as one of the largest sand islands in the world. It has an abundance of fresh-water lakes throughout the interior, fed from pure streams that have filtered down through the sand over the years, which support an incredible variety of wildlife for those interested in meeting the other less obvious occupants of the island.

However, for the sheer, brainless, couch-potatoing activity that is necessary to remove lingering thoughts of sinister lecturers and even more sinister essays, Fraser Island boasts the most stunning beaches in the universe, and what's more, you can camp on them. As you stroll along the beach in the evening, it's possible to see lights blinking through the trees as all the other similarly-inclined people light their lamps, crack open the Chianti and tuck into grilled skipjack and potatoes. You can bath in the little streams that exit from the edge of the undergrowth and enjoy the scintillating company of the frogs and cane toads that find it amusing, in their special amphibian way, to recline on the bank as watch you splash around like a beached whale. (By the way, don't use detergents or soaps, the water is gorgeously pure)

The only fly in the soothing ointment of Fraser Island is access. Numbers are restricted to the island for conservation reasons, and the only independent method of transport is by four-wheel drive, or you will find yourself spending your holiday digging your Combi van/Mazda/Torana out of the sand bog from hell. You can either hire a four-wheel drive from numerous locations on the mainland, or just convince your best friend's dad that borrowing his \$50,000 Pajero is crucial to your experiments on the tannin levels in beer brewed with Fraser Island lake water. Make sure you apply for a permit early, as holidays can be quite difficult. The only time of year to avoid is the taylor season, when 3-4ft taylor fish run thick and fast at a particular point on one side of the island. For those few weeks, the island is invaded by beer-swilling, esky-toting, long-haired, ug-booted yobbos, swinging hooks and fishing lines like there's no tomorrow.

Fraser Island is a gift from Mother Nature to weary students longing for a quiet place to read, make love and eat for a few weeks. Grab the opportunity to soak it up, and you will return to uni a changed being, fresh and ready to fail a new a semester.

Bianca Nogrady



Create your own cycle trip: Nice scenery, sore bum

More Break Fillers

Teaching English in Japan

Contact the Asian studies department, or get details from specific books like *Working in Japan*

Environmental volunteer work

Contact The Australian Trust for Conservation volunteers

Work on an outback station

Contact CES offices in Perth, Adelaide and Darwin, or Pollitts Employment Agency in Perth

Get a cheap flight to Europe

Contact air courier companies in Mascot, Sydney for up to 1/2 off the normal airfare

Crew a yacht

Contact yacht delivery companies and check out advertisements in major ports like Cairns

Drive and camp around Australia

Use the money you would have spent on rent on petrol

Nannying in England

They are desperate for Australian nannies — see *The Workaway Guide* by Karen Halliday

Go on a cycle tour

Saves on petrol and it only takes 12 days to make it to Melbourne. Contact Bicycle Victoria and Bicycle NSW for organised tours

"I had a great time on my days off, snorkelling, visiting other islands, and I even completed a scuba diving course."

National Party Students' Club

Welcome, everybody!

Welcome to a new era of politics. First came the crushing landslide Coalition victory; and now the ANU National Party Students' Club has arrived and is here to stay. If you have want to join or have any suggestions please leave a message at the SA office.

For those of you not really familiar with National Party policies and values, we believe in many things. The first thing people say to me when I mention that I support the National Party is that, well how do I say it, we're not politically correct. No we don't stand for political correctness; rather the freedom of speech is more valued. We also believe in the family (husband, wife and children) and the monarchy, after all without our British founders, where would we be? Certainly not here. The National Party's economic policies are based on self-reliance not bludging off the tax-payers while at the same time creating the most internationally competitive environment for our vital agriculture and mineral exports. Sounds impressive.

On the student front we support the introduction of Voluntary Student Unionism as we believe in democracy and the right to a choice, especially when we're talking 180 of a student's normally rather limited income. A VSU would make the union more accountable, and actually aim to provide services rather than at the moment where there is no incentive.

Anyway, it's obviously a great honour to write in Soapbox up there with the illustrious Nick Tolley; oh, and those others. As a first year I can't really understand the political classifications here. Obviously Liberal and Labor clubs are self-explanatory. But what of those other two phenomona.

The SWSC and Resistance. I can't really see the difference between these two groups. To put it bluntly they both appear demented, with their heads way down in the sand, and both enjoy wall-papering the ANU with dumb pointless posters, to advertise for dumb pointless meetings "to stop the Liberals". Somehow, I don't think their St Stalin or whoever is going to provide the requisite miracle. The only difference I can see between these two collections of half-wits is that Resistance is more concerned with ruining Australia's economy through stopping every sort of industrial and manufacturing activity due to their "effect" on the environment, while the SWSC try to accomplish this through all their strikes. Luckily neither asylum seems to have enough loonies to make any difference whatsoever.

Anyway they (and now me) get to write a column as well. After all Woroni needs some humour. People read them (us) and think

continued next page

Liberal



Ladies and Gents, It's time we had a chat about Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU).

Goats and Bugs; You see, it just really gets my goat. VSU has been subjected to unqualified vilification by ideologically bankrupt, philosophically fringe student politicians, and it kinda, you know, bugs the hell out of me. Last Woroni in particular, VSU took a serving that must be responded to.

First is first, what the hell is VSU?; Each year, as a condition of one's enrolment, a compulsory fee is levied upon students. Simply, if you don't pay the fee, you don't get the degree. This year, the fee was \$180.00. That's seven cases of beer. This money is then distributed to institutions like the Student's Association and the Student Union, and is theoretically returned to the students from such institutions through various student services. This is called Compulsory Student Unionism (CSU). VSU does not believe it is fair to compulsorily levy such a fee; that any such contributions made by students to these organisations must be voluntary. Proponents of VSU firmly believe that under a Compulsory Student Unionism regime, the delivery of student services does not adequately represent the interests or desires of its members. You see, there's simply no incentive for the powers that be to address members' needs if they are guaranteed of funding year in, year out. If, on the other hand, an organisation must rely on the voluntary contribution of funds in order to properly function, it is necessarily bound by the decisions and desires of its membership, else it receives no funding. It's called accountability. And this, it would appear, scares the shit out of the Left. Now to address some points made last week.

Mr Jenkins: It was noted by you in your Treasurer's report of last Woroni, that VSU would bring imminent destruction upon the Uni Bar. This is indicative of the infantile logic adopted by opponents of VSU. If there is any Bar in Canberra which should not require compulsory subsidisation, it is one with guaranteed access to a considerable, captive student market, with patrons intent on drinking away assessment woes. It is a little disconcerting that our SA Treasurer does not appreciate such a basic economic truism. Indeed, having Daniel Jenkins as our Treasurer is about as responsible as making Mike Tyson a counsellor at a Rape Counselling Clinic. Whilst Daniel's massaging his student political ego, everyone else is being tied down and taking it right up the date (this is a colloquial expression, and is not really a reference to the Mike Tyson analogy). **Lubrication;** It was also lamented by "Bitter and Twisted", in his spirited defence of the representative virtues of CSU, how little respect the Iron Bar Club has for "the intellectual strength of the undergraduate population as a whole". Now I'm not about to defend the Iron Bar Club, as I don't know who or what they are. But I can't help but think how ironic it is that a proponent of CSU laments this apparent disrespect, when he himself is fundamentally guilty of it as well. Frankly, sir, if you had any respect for the intellectual strength of the undergraduate population, you would let us make the decision as to whether or

Labor



Broken promises, funding cuts, and you

Enjoying your university degree? Well, make the most of it while you can because our fabulous Government have some special treats in store.

In their attempts during the election to sound like the kind of guys you could trust, Howard and his friends promised us that higher education funding would not be cut. End of story. So journalists (bless their hearts) left it at that, and so did the rest of Australia.

Well it seems that they lied. Maybe \$600 million worth of lies is a better description of what they are planning to do. This means fewer university places for students, less money for teaching, and little or no money for student organisations. So not only will it be harder to get into a university, but the universities won't have the money to fund existing student places. Obviously this means that up front undergraduate fees are back on the agenda. The other natural target are student organisations and the services that they offer. The ANU Students' Association is entirely dependent on funding from the General Services Fee. If government funding to ANU is cut, the SA share of GSF is going to decrease (since the University is going to have other areas to spend that money on). Simply, this means no more Woroni, no more C&S funding, no more Welfare officer. If you think this sounds far-fetched, then look no further than Monash University where they lost their student newspaper through lack of funding. Don't rely on gentle reason to convince the Government that what they are planning to do is not only deceitful, but wrong. Amanda Vanstone has already demonstrated that she has all the subtlety, understanding, and finesse of Mike Tyson out on a date. Support the strike on Thursday 30 May. And write a letter to Howard and Vanstone and tell them that they are nothing but bloody liars.

IR — or fuck us over once again please Johnny!

The last few weeks have become quite surreal. It seems that every policy nightmare floated about the Coalition during the election has actually come true! The Coalition made a commitment that no Australian worker would lose money under their new IR system. The new legislation plans to "pare" back awards to "safety net" minimum standards, while allowing State enterprise agreements to override Federal awards. The last point allows employers in WA and Victoria to ignore the minimum standards set in Federal awards, resulting in lower wages (these states have lower minimum standards). Scratch that commitment. We were also promised that the Fightback! policy of a \$3 per hour youth wage was gone and forgotten. Wrong. It's resurfaced in the IR legislation and targets young people in traineeships and apprenticeships. Employers have the power to set rates based on

Resistance



Democracy movements in Indonesia

Indonesian Solidarity with East Timor In December 1995 a group of East Timorese independence activists and Indonesian supporters occupied the Dutch and Russian embassies in Jakarta. The protesters were eventually forced to leave the embassies, being taken to army intelligence headquarters for interrogation before being released. These occupations were significant because it was the first time that Indonesian democracy activists have openly supported and protested alongside East Timorese calling for a free East Timor. The occupations exposed the existence of Indonesian support for the East Timorese struggle, and the link between that struggle and the movement for democracy in Indonesia itself. After Suharto came to power in Indonesia in 1965, a million people were massacred and freedom of speech, freedom of organisation and freedom of the press were abolished. The same regime which invaded and carried out genocide in East Timor has been responsible for repressing the Indonesian people for the last 30 years. Most of the Indonesian activists involved in the occupations were members of Student Solidarity for Democracy in Indonesia (SMID), which is one of the groups affiliated to the People's Democratic Union (PRD). In the early 1990s SMID was at the forefront of a campaign to reestablish a student press. SMID has led the defence of student newspapers against attempts to ban them and has also initiated campaigns to reestablish independent Student Representative Councils. This has all been necessary because in 1978, the Indonesian regime banned all political activity on campuses following a wave of student demonstrations. SMID is unique amongst student organisations in that it also campaigns strongly on broader social and political issues, especially workers issues and the question of free trade unionism. SMID has been central in the promotion of the idea of a student-worker alliance. As part of this perspective of taking up broader issues, SMID is the only student organisation in Indonesia to state its formal support for East Timorese self-determination.

West Papua - Indonesia's Other War

West Papua is becoming big trouble for its Indonesian masters, with an unprecedented amount of politically motivated action happening over the past months. Lately the mainstream media has given the region coverage because of the Western hostages held by the Free Papua Movement. Recent demonstrations have also focused against the Freeport mine and the death in military custody of renowned West Papuan academic and patriot Tom Wainggai. The Freeport copper mine makes millions of dollars in profits for the Indonesian government and foreign investment. But it courses massive environmental and social problems for the population. OPM guerilla actions must encourage further defiance of Indonesian rule and renew support for the OPM's national liberation objectives. **FORUM FOR INDONESIAN**

Socialist Worker Student Club



Hands off Uni funding!

Even the Vice-Chancellors are worried. Liberal Minister for Education Amanda Vanstone has told of cuts to university funding to the tune of 12 per cent or \$600 million - the equivalent of losing 50,000 student places, scrapping a major faculty on every campus or closing three universities.

AUSTUDY could also be converted from a grant to a loan. The Liberals have sought to justify their agenda by a massive scare campaign about an \$8 billion hole in the federal budget. But even the economics editor of the Sydney Morning Herald, Ross Gittins, says "There is no crisis." With no cuts at all the deficit would fall to \$3.3 billion in 1998-99. Australia has one of the smallest public sectors, and is one of the lowest taxing countries in the OECD, the club of 19 industrialised countries. Further the wealth of just the seven richest individuals in Australia, or just increasing company taxes by a few per cent, could wipe out the deficit. Nor is education a lone target. The Liberals are preparing to sack 20,000 public servants and slash health and welfare for millions of people. They also want to attack the means by which students and workers defend themselves with draconian measures such as banning strike pay for workers, and stopping student money going to 'political' purposes, such as defending the access and quality of education. Clearly such an attack demands a united response. Yet Vice-Chancellors, after initial outrage, have responded with the suggestion that HECS increases of up to 30 per cent, to offset government cuts, would be politically manageable. Some go even further, Monash Uni VC Mal Logan says if funding is cut 'a lot of us are going to be forced to look seriously at charging some form of modest fee' - upfront. Having overseen the shift towards 'user-pays' education under Labor they may be prepared to oversee the full USstyle version under the Liberals. We will not be able to rely on the Senate to stop the Liberals. We haven't heard a squeak out of Labor against these vicious cuts - they want to be a 'responsible opposition'. And the Democrats are 'not opposed to cuts in principle', preferring instead to fiddle at the edges. It will be up to the mass of students and staff to push the Liberals back. In the face of the ANU student occupation in 1994, and the national student strikes it helped inspire last year, Labor was forced to back off on fees. This time our response needs to be greater still. The National student-staff strike on May 30 should be a massive launch to the campaign to defend education. We have a tradition to build upon. We also have the lessons of France late last year. After with 14 years of Socialist (Labor party) rule Chirac's Conservative government also claimed it had a mandate. Within months it embarked on a plan for millions of dollars in welfare cuts and privatisation. For a

NPSC cont.

"That guy (or girl) must be pretty funny to think up all that stuff", as normal readers assume that no-one could actually be that deluded, irresponsible and pathetic. I thought in particular the Comrade Ben signing off was quite witty and quaint- it made me think back to the days when people in distant countries were fooled or forced into thinking communism, socialism, and all that crap might work. Everyone knows better now.

Liberal cont.

not we contribute to the operations of any student organisations, instead of adopting a "we know what's best for you" mentality. Calls that VSU will destroy student representation are unfounded. In particular, it doesn't cost anything to have a chat with the Vice Chancellor or sit on a committee. In addition, I firmly believe that the present administration is not representative of the student body anyway, when only 10% at most of the population voted for it; if this is representative, then butter me up and call me Nancy.

Nick Tolley.

Labor cont.

productive time on the job. So if you are required to spend half of your week at TAFE, you can get paid a lot less than you used to get (luckily the Coalition Government have been more generous this time around and have raised it to \$3.05 per hour). When Howard described his vision as wanting Australians to be "comfortable and relaxed" he obviously wasn't talking about those in higher education, apprenticeships, or the workforce. So how many does that really leave?

Yvette Martin
President Labor Students Club

Resistance cont.

Solidarity and Democracy movements; 13 June 1996 - 1pm (Room to be advised). The ANU *Resistance* Club is having a forum on the democracy and national liberation movements in Indonesia. Keynote speakers will include Nicco Wahid, a leader of SMID and John Otto Ondawame from the OPM.

National Day of Action Against Indonesian Occupation of East Timor; 25 August. For more information including how to get involved in Action In Solidarity With Indonesia and East Timor (ASIJET) ring 2472424.

Martin Iltis

month millions took part in strikes, demonstrations and occupations. The government was forced to back down on most major 'reforms'. They even had to concede an increase in funding at some universities. University staff are our allies in this fight. To win we must actively support the staff campaign for a fully funded wage rise, they are 10 per cent behind all other public servants. Join their pickets at uni entrances. Boycott any classes that may take place and join the rally on the 30th. United we can win.

Luke Deer
Socialist Worker Student Club.

thanks for the mammaries

Women's Officer under threat

The position of Women's Officer on the Council Committee Against Sexual Harassment (CCASH) is still under threat. Student Association President William Mackerras has decided for internal reasons to replace the Women's Officer on the CCASH committee. Such a decision by Mr Mackerras shows a blatant disregard for the position of women's officer as well as the resources generated by the women's officer's position on the CCASH committee.

Senator Brian Harradene an independent within the senate has put forward a bill, supported by both houses of parliament, to amend the Therapeutic Goods Amendment Bill so as to ban the importation of RU486 (the abortion pill). Such a bill if passed would mean that Australian women would not have access to a further option of contraceptive choice. Why should women's reproductive rights be at the mercy of the major parties bowing to pressure from independent candidates in order to secure their vote? Why is the banning of RU486 not to be voted on as a conscience vote as all other abortion related legislation is? Why is it that Australian women have not been made aware and have not had the right to vote on issues that directly affect their reproductive rights? For more information on this issue contact the women's office on 2492444.

Concerns have been raised about the sexist

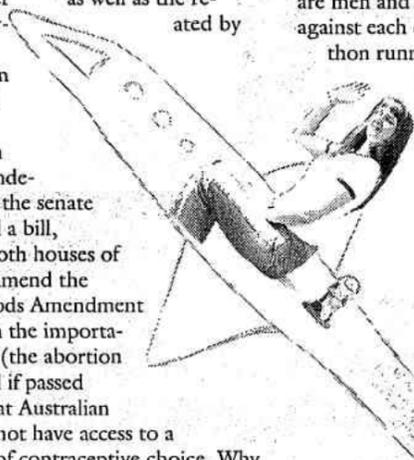
nature of the Inward Bound intercollege event. The event is deemed sexist because of the under-representation in all, but primarily higher, divisions of the event. The minimal representation of women in the event is attributed to the fact that women have to compete against men in order to gain places on the teams. In no top level sporting events are men and women expected to compete against each other, male and female marathon runners do not compete against each other.

In order to remedy the situation of this situation the argument has been put that there should be a series of men and women's divisions so that in each event teams only compete against other teams of the same sex.

Thursday the 30th of May 6-8pm is the women's office and sexuality department's Jazz and

Cocktail night tickets are \$15 adult and \$12 concession, and include a free glass of champagne, finger food and the happening sounds of jazz school musicians. Any profits made will go to the Women's Office and Sexuality Department's conferences in Perth in June. For more information contact the Student's Association on 2492444 or pick up tickets at Smith's Alternative Bookshop.

Siobhan McDonnell
Women's Officer



Women's Business

Another Bluestocking week has been and gone. Hopefully you made it along to some of the events but if not then you'll just have to wait till next year.

A highlight of the week was the "pasta and personality night" where guest speakers Marion Halligan, Tina Van Rae and women from the Women's Electoral Lobby spoke on the theme of "women having their cake and eating it too". Another fantastic, and strangely enough eating event, was the women's picnic at which all present munched on smoked salmon and cream cheese bagels, muffins, croissants and two giant chocolate mud cakes. A big thanks goes to Women on Campus for organising this event.

Bluestocking week Market day was a roaring success, 20-30 women's groups held stalls creating an atmosphere only further enhanced by the groovy sounds of women's bands Plutoastia and Bravadevis. Other events during the week included a women's rock climbing night (a big thanks to ANU Mountain Club and the women instructors for helping to organise and run the event) more women's rock climbing nights will be organised in the future (for more info contact your friendly women's officer at the students association on 2492444), as well as great self defence workshops run by *New Spirit's* Annette Haridan (Phone/Fax 2480859). The week was wrapped up by the women's film night where we ate corn chips and dip and watched *Baji on the Beach* and *Eat Drink Man Women*.

Finally a big thanks to all the eager beaver women who turned up to our events! Thankyou for your support, without you the week wouldn't have been a success.

The newly formed ANU Women's Law Student's Association is a group of women working to develop the role of women within the law. The organisation is student run and it is hoped it will provide career, social and networking opportunities for women law students. For more information contact Margot Stubbs (x 8139).

A big thankyou to Renuka the outgoing NLC women's officer. Renuka has done a fantastic job over the term of her position let's just hope that whoever fills her position will be just as committed.

Name change!!! the Women's Department will from now on be referred to as the Women's Office. This change is designed to avoid the confusion between that has arisen between the names women's department and women's studies at the university. If you were confused then your not alone. So from now on we are the Women's Office run by your friendly Women's Officers.

Finally a quick note to say that my co-women's officer Jess Warner is leaving for America at the end of first semester (boo hoo!). So if you consider yourself enough of a wonder woman or supervoman to want to be women's officer next year now is the time to step into the position. Anyone interested can contact the women's office on 2492444.

it's easy being green

Jimminy Cricket Lives

It seems strange that *Keyacris scurra*, a native grasshopper, has become endangered when some grasshopper species have become such pests in Australia, often reaching plague proportions. However *Keyacris scurra* is no ordinary grasshopper. It has been affected greatly by modification of its grassland and grassy woodland habitat. Clearing for agriculture and grazing by sheep and cattle have reduced the habitat preferred by this grasshopper. However grazing is not the only problem for this grasshopper (Rowell and Crawford, 1995). Fires can easily cause the extinction of one of the small populations, and at many sites weeds have been out competing the native plants and changing the habitat. St John's Wort is a plant which is causing serious problems, particularly at the Kambah Pools site.

In Canberra Rowell and Crawford (1995) surveyed 700 ha of suitable habitat but found only 25 ha in seven sites which contained this species. These tended to be areas where grazing had been minimal, such as cemeteries, along railway lines and one of the major sites is at Gungahlin (under the tall transmission poles). The sites generally have reasonable stands of Kangaroo grass *Themeda australis*, which provides shelter, and the button daisy *Chrysocephalum apiculatum*, which the grasshoppers eat.

Unfortunately the future looks bleak for this grasshopper. The seven sites where the species was found in 1995 (Rowell and Crawford) are widely separated within the ACT. After one of these populations becomes extinct the grasshoppers find it hard to re-establish at the site as they have no

wings and therefore cannot fly. Isolation in small populations also means inbreeding is highly likely, and the effect this may have on *K. scurra* is not yet known, but no doubt will be detrimental to the species. Very little is known of the grasshopper's feeding or breeding biology, or how fire affects this species and therefore it is difficult to devise management strategies for the future.

In Australia it is estimated that less than one percent of the original grasslands (pre 1788) remain undisturbed (Dorrough, 1995). This has dramatically reduced the habitat available for this species of grasshopper, but also many other species are also affected. Rowell and Crawford (1995:13) have listed 14 species of plant and one species of legless lizard (*Delmar impar*) which are considered locally uncommon to

endangered, and have been found in association with this grasshopper. So it becomes obvious that if we protect this species we will also be helping many other species within the same habitat.

Benj Whitworth

References

- Dorrough, J. (1995) Grassland conservation in the ACT: an historical perspective. *Bogong*, 16:4
- Rowell, A and Crawford, I. (1995) Survey of the Morabine Grasshopper *Keyacris scurra* (RE)N in the A.C.T. Report to the wildlife Research Unit, ACT Parks and Conservation Service. Canberra

out on a limb

Postmodernism for the masses

Well, I'm never sure who I should vote for, and I hold a secret, secret, loathing of politics, but at last, hooray for that bastion of liberal and individual rights, the gun lobby. I'm voting for the Shooters' Party just the next chance I get. I mean attributing the new gun laws to 'left-wing extremists' and such obviously Communist politicians as 'little Johnny Jack-boot', has a certain attractiveness to my mandate-giving ability. Better yet is the analogy they give, linking the gun laws to the holocaust in Nazi Germany. I mean, crikey, I'm all in favour of mentally unbalanced and emotionally upset people going out and shooting people, but don't fuck with historical fact.

Historical fact. Oohh I'm a very naughty green, tree-dwelling opinionated amphibian to suggest the existence of 'historical fact'. I remember one time I was checking out the region of Turkey known as 'Gallipoli', with a few good mates. I love a good historical scene as much as anyone, but what exactly was the history that occurred there. Our tour guide took us around and told us all the 'history'. Here was where Attaturk had his command post, here was the Australian line, etc etc. At some stage she pointed out that perhaps the most successful part of the entire campaign was Australia's withdrawal, where not on casualty was suffered. 'Fair enough,' I thought, for I'd heard a similar story before. Similar, but not the same. 'That's not entirely true' one of my mates exclaimed in a somewhat patronising tone of voice. 'Actually, one soldier did die during the withdrawal.' This is what I'd heard, but I can't be sure of the source. This man either through clumsiness, or misfortune lasted only up until the withdrawal. However being an argumentative bastard, I said 'How do you know that? I don't believe it.' The reply was simple enough and just as patronising as before: 'Well, it's historical fact.' I'm not sure, but apparently the Australian War Memorial will confirm my friend's controversial statement. I still don't believe it, and I don't think the tour guide was convinced, and indeed the museum at Gallipoli contests it as well. So who was right?

As far as I'm concerned we both are. We both, with differing, mutually exclusive claims, are correct. I'd like to add that, if anything, I am *more* correct, than my friend, but I can say that with two assurances. Firstly I am more correct because even had I witnessed the death of that inept Australian with my own eyes I would resent anyone's claim of access to 'historical facts'. The reason for this resentment, and my second reason why I feel that my claim is more correct, is that history is always debatable. Facts get lost, confused, or deliberately altered as time passes. And more importantly, we all interpret even 'hard' facts depending upon our background, our preconceptions, our biases. Thus relative to *my* background, preconceptions and biases, every thing I say is correct. Every fucking thing. Collective unconscious, the right to expression, the fact that politics is overrated, Bell's Inequality. Every rant and rave I come up with. Boy, that's a scary thought. However, relative to *his* experiences, and so on, everything *my friend* says, is correct. We are both correct, but neither of us are speaking facts. I certainly admit that everything I say isn't factual.

I would take this further, if you'll allow me. Beyond history and into what we call knowledge. I would say that there is no such thing as objective truth. Empirical, objective truth. Just as in history our experiences, preconceptions and motives deny the historical truth, so is it with any body of knowledge. The closest we get to truth is what is most commonly regarded as truth. For example, back before the fourteen hundreds, the commonly held truth was that the world was flat, and that the sun circled around it in a cycle that began with it rising in the east, and setting in the west, at a frequency of once per day. That was the 'truth'. Now however, we know a different 'truth'. The oblate spheroid we know as 'this fucked up ball of mud' travels around the sun, completing its journey every time it itself has turned around 365.25 time upon its axis. Another commonly held truth. We regard it as being 'more true' than did the Catholic Church of 500 or so years ago, and that we are more correct than our ancestors, but, of course, we are *both* correct. Now it suits more people to believe what we do, and before, it suited a monotheistic European society to believe what it believed. Just because we are more civilised doesn't mean we are closer to the truth.

Some people my find similarities with what I'm discussing here with what a man called Michel Foucault discussed elsewhere. Foucault, if you don't know, talked readily on the relationship between power and knowledge. He came up with the idea that what we regard as being correct knowledge comes from its acceptance by people who hold some type of power. Our lecturers here at the ANU, for example hold power over us in that what they say, we largely have no choice but to believe. If a doctor tells us we have a certain type of disease, and we must cure it in a certain fashion, we feel that we have no choice but to obey. If our parents tell us that girls dress differently from boys, then we assume that that is some kind of fact. Boys who dress like girls, run counter to this fact and are either mistaken for girls, or face criticism or some other type of negative reaction, until they revert to dressing in the correct way.

I wouldn't say so much that I agree with Foucault's hypothesis, but rather say that he agrees with mine. This was pretty comforting, knowing that the great philosopher Michel Foucault agreed with me, until someone who claims she does fourth year philosophy said that he is already passé. I've copped flak before for writing about conversations I've had at social gatherings, but I'm not worried, because this lady didn't even know about Bell's Inequality, so like most of the students here she

doesn't read about this particular tree-frog. Anyway, this philosophy student seemed rather concerned that I was becoming a sceptic. If I don't believe that there is fundamental, empirical objective truth, how can I believe in anything I encounter? Well here's the thing. Just because I see that nothing is entirely true—everyone shades what they experience when they retell it, or re-interpret it—doesn't mean that I'm immune to it. Sadly I'm as prone to the preconceptions I hold in common with the rest of you, as the rest of you are. I support the common truth. Oh well. I guess if we can learn anything from this,

it is that if someone says something that you disagree with, then don't just dismiss it, at least understand their argument, if only to make yours stronger. And if someone says something that you do agree with, look for flaws in what they say. There is always more to be learned. However, I do not think, and never will think that taking guns away from gun-owners is exactly how Hitler robbed from the Jewish people in Germany, their right to defend themselves. My truth tells me that's twaddle.

Tree-Frog

naturally connected

We are a group of people with common concerns about the environment. We meet on Wednesdays, 1pm Physics G5. All Welcome, just show up. Currently we are occupying ourselves in supporting the University in developing and Environmental Policy and Management Strategy.

World Environment Day will be the focus for an awareness raising event that aims to get people thinking about what we consume as an institution.

We are asking for donations of plain-coloured T-shirts that would otherwise go to St Vinnies so that we can paint handprints on them. If you can help, drop your shirts off to Kylie at the Students' Association.

There's lots of opportunities to get involved. Contact Valeric e9300189@student.anu.edu.au

amnesty international

Gedun Rinchen — released prisoner of conscience from Tibet is touring Australia. He speaks at the ANU on 17th June, 7pm in the Manning Clarke Building. Please help us celebrate his freedom and welcome him to Australia. (He has just completed a tour of America where he addressed crowds of 10 000 people)

cad's

CADS presents *Rhinoceros*, by Eugene Ionesco, opening this Thursday at the Currong Contemporary Arts Theatre, Gorman House. It is an absurdist comedy dealing with the issues of conformity. It will be performed from May 30th - June 8th. Ticket Prices are \$10 adults, \$8 ANU Students, \$6 CADS members. For bookings and further information phone Ticketing Services on 239-1885 (booking fee applies)

clubs and societies

challenge club

The ANU Challenge Club is having a Trivia Challenge - open to everyone. If you think you can match it with the best and worst of the Challenge Club then try your luck. Form a team and come along for a good night of fun, booze, food & some questions thrown in.

7:30pm Friday 7 June

Teams of 5 or 6 people

Cost \$5 per head. Food + Drinks + Prizes to be won!

Everyone welcome.

Register now. MIC 2418086

before Wednesday 5 June

students and sustainability

Students and Sustainability Conference July '96 "Students & Sustainability" National Environment Conference is being hosted over four days by Southern Cross University (Lismore), 1st -5th July '96.

At last S&S is being taken out of the cities into the bush in an attempt to get away from lecture halls. Workshops and Field trips cover activism, analysis of technologies, indigenous issues... the list goes on.

Interested? Contact Dieuwer on 257 7825.

More info on the Net:

http://student.anu.edu.au/Club/Naturally_Connected

wlsa

ANU Women Law Students' Association

Working in conjunction with other women law students' organisations across the country we aim to:

- * Achieve justice and equality for all women * further the understanding of and support for the legal rights of all women
- * Identify, highlight and eradicate discrimination against women in law and in the legal system and in law school
- * Advance equality for women in the legal profession
- * Create and enhance awareness of women's contribution to the practice and development of the law
- * Provide a professional and social network for women law students

Meetings: 1 pm every second Tuesday at Caterina's (the next one is on 28th of May)

Further information: there is a folder labelled "Women Law Students' Association" on the desk outside the front office or contact: Elissa 2542118 Angie 2486311 Gloria 2794287

praying to god

The ANU Navigators, are holding two evenings looking at what it means to pray to God.

Wednesdays 6:30-9:30pm. Dinner included. Transport provided.

Contact Dave on 2885117

A Double-Whammy?

In this week's Crisco column, I thought I'd spend some time looking at an issue which I haven't seen addressed very much in the more mainstream straight or gay press. To be sure, having the guts to identify as other than heterosexual creates certain difficulties, but when you are ethnically of a non-Anglo background, some distinct issues are thrown into the air and must be dealt with. These range widely from experiencing unexpected, culturally-dictated responses from parents to the unfortunate presence of racism within the gay and lesbian communities.

I feel "half" qualified to write on this topic, because while my father is an Xth generation Australian, my mother hails from mainland China. My first real encounter with the relevance of ethnicity to being gay probably occurred when I had to face talking over with my mother the whole "gay thing." In my case, mum had been living in Australia for many years and had

in most areas absorbed the relevant cultural values. There were still certain residual values which seemed totally alien to me (as an Australian-born person), however, and some of these revolved around homosexuality. Luckily for me, she was able to put her generally negative views of homosexuality in a wider context of her cultural history, and from that see its presence in various areas of Chinese culture. For example, my mother tells me that it was quite ordinary and accepted for powerful male landlords to not only have several wives, but a "boy on the side." That worked out for the best, but she still worries when she thinks of the reactions I may encounter as an out gay person when I interact with some members of the Chinese

community, as she fears the general attitude may not be as accepting as among other sections of the community. I haven't received negative reactions so far, but who knows what the future has in store?

That perceived negativity may not even have a chance to be proven (hopefully) incorrect. While, in Australia, my impression is that we like to think of ourselves as culturally rather more sophisticated than a lot of other nations (at least in terms of accepting diversity within the society), a repressive cultural environment may convince a person who knows they aren't heterosexual to just keep quiet about it. In the University context, an international student may be tempted to take advantage of Australia's (perceived) relative acceptance of alternative sexualities by exploring the gay scene, but be put off by the thought of returning what is perceived as an unworkably intolerant society. Even an Aussie-born, ocker-accent-bearing guy or gal may feel an enormous pressure from parents who both espouse values which are culturally-dictated and quite unrelated to what might be considered the norm in the wider community here. The number and variety of contexts in which cultural background impacts on being non-heterosexual are significant indeed.

Disappointingly, some of those contexts occur within the gay/lesbian/bisexual/transgender communities. Now, I would have thought that if any collected group of people should show a sensitivity to diversity, it would be the aforementioned one. But no, there are pockets in those diverse communities in which racism exists, in various forms. Just as in the wider society, racism here is manifested at all levels, from a bitchy bar-

room comment to exclusion and non-representation. Mercifully, most lesbigay (love that term!) people, just like most straight people, frown on racism.

Even though it may seem like cultural diversity creates only problems for non-heterosexual people, it can also lead to an incredible empowerment. Most people I have talked to experienced a certain exhilaration upon recognising and embracing their sexuality. From my experience, recognising that I could be gay and be proud of my part-Chinese background was a also really nice feeling. I can look at my ancestry and feel a sense of richness, and at the same time bring an additional dimension to being a gay person. I wouldn't have it any other way.

Housekeeping stuff

Just a few general points to finish off. Firstly, concern has been raised by various students on campus regarding both homophobic comments made by lecturers and rather tasteless cartoons appearing within these hallowed pages. The Sexuality Department and out and proud students on campus are here to send a clear message those responsible: GET A LIFE. If it ever was fashionable to make fun of people whose experiences are totally foreign to you, it most definitely is no longer so. Instead of making faggot jokes, why not use your energy to get to know a queer person? I am sure you will be pleasantly surprised. If you are upset or feel harassed on campus because of your (perceived) sexuality, we urge you to contact the Sexuality Department and let us know. You do not need to leave your name if you do not feel comfortable in doing so.

If you really hurry, it may not be too late to secure a place for yourself at this year's

non-heterosexual extravaganza, Queer Collaborations. As was detailed in last issue's Crisco, the conference is happening in Perth this year, from the 1st to the 5th of July (inclusive). If you are interested, contact the Sexuality Department for a registration form.

Thanks to the Women's Department for allowing us to participate in what was a fabulous Blue Stocking Week for 1996. I wasn't able to attend many events, but from all reports they were very successful and lots of fun. Market Day was a blast, though why people seem reluctant to take free condoms, I am not sure. I may have to physically threaten people with latex during the Bush Week Market Day if this trend continues.

Lastly, the next Jellybabies meeting will take place on Friday the 7th of June. As usual, these are held at the Meridian Club (34 Mort Street, Braddon) and start at 4.30 pm. The drinks are cheap! If you would like to turn up with someone else, give one of the Sexuality Officers a buzz.

Feel free to contact the Sexuality Department if you have any queries regarding a sexuality issue. Our contact details are listed below.

Julian Coldrey Sexuality Officer

The Sexuality Officers are Seumas Hyslop, Anna Reeves, Matt Pond and Julian Coldrey. We can be contacted on:
Phone: 249 2444
Email: sexdep@student.anu.edu.au
or visit our Web site at <http://>



campus culture

Are YOU a stereotypical student glutton?

It is widely believed that students will eat anything. This idea is mostly unfounded. In fact, students are incredibly picky about what they eat. Each one has their own perverse tastes. The stereo-type of the student as a gluttonous and indiscriminant consumer remains a rare phenomenon. This is because students have a tangible relationship with their food. Some find their partner in a blueberry muffin? others in a packet of roast flavoured beef jerky. Many play the field and never settle down, constantly switching between dim sims, soya crisps, vanilla slices and two minute noodles. Then there are those who are entrenched in a marriage with a cheese and vegemite sandwich dating back to the old school days. So, what are the general student attitudes towards food on the ANU campus? What determines a student's relationship with a particular edible substance? Is there a connection between the course a student studies and their craving for a particular delicacy? And what are some of the most notorious student food fetishes?

There is great contention amongst students over what provides the most satisfying food experience. One commerce student claims that a meat pie from the bakery and a moove from the Acton supermarket provides "all the nutrition, sustenance and tastiness, for an economical price, anyone could possibly desire." He is met with fierce opposition by a female law student who states she would "much prefer to graze on the fungi and moss growing in the corner of the refectory." She favours a packed lunch containing 'health food' over anything provided by the union, with exception to the muffins at Sullivan's Cafe. This divergence of opinion clearly illustrates the two extremes of thought on union food as a whole: (a) It provides relatively inexpen-

sive food, edible, often digestible, sometimes tasty, and even wholesome. (b) To consume a morsel of food from the union is to assault your body with an unknown quantity of cholesterol tat, oil, preservatives, and germs guaranteed to turn you into a pussy, pimply, grotesquely lumpy creature resembling an aging football player who now hosts his own show.

So where does junk-food addiction and compulsive health-food consciousness have its origins? A food survey I conducted around the ANU, suggest there is a connection with gender and course study. Male Commerce, Accounting, Economics, and Science students make up a large proportion of the junk-food contingent. On the other hand, female Law students generally choose to bring a packed lunch, (a salad sandwich, orange juice, non-fat yogurt, etc.), or to get through the day without anything at all. However, within these extremes are many students who do not enter into either of these categories.

In the course of my ANU food survey a number of stereo-types of student/food relationships have emerged: There is the male commerce student's affair with the refectory stall and the greasy frankfurt; the law student's obsession with packed lunches and carrot sticks; the science student's experiments with seafood sticks dipped in chocolate yogo; the forestry student, who supplements a normal diet with the nourishment of nicotine and alcohol; and the arts student, who doesn't actually eat lunch because he finishes university at noon and goes home to sleep. When it comes down to it, though, most students settle for a tasty meal for a good price. The bakery's variety bun is very popular, as are chips and wedges. The make your-own sandwich section of the

Refectory never stops during the middle of the day and the Asian Bistro does a roaring trade in fried rice. Try-out the felafels from the Lebanese joint opposite the Calypso, and the new outlet next to the Uni bar, Ploughman's Cafe, which offers such foods as vegetarian pizzas and chocolate mud cake. However, be warned, get stuff while its fresh, there is nothing worse than a prawn sandwich left to fester in its own juices for an entire day.

Amongst the variety of substances students consume many are unrecognisable to the untamed eye. The dodgy mix is one of these. This is a term originating from the Asian Bistro and describes a method applied to procuring more valuable food stuffs for absolutely nothing. This involves camouflaging 'the good stuff' by delicately constructing a mound of rice around it to ensure a two dollar meal as opposed to a five dollar meal. Of course, a great risk is taken when a student decides to go with the dodgy mix. They are subjected to constant monitoring by, not only the friendly Bistro staff, but also fi ice paying regulars. One must attempt to construct the dodgy mix as inconspicuously as possible. Sometimes this is not so easy. Many attempts have failed catastrophically. Some students have let the smorgasbord of Asian food go to their heads. They have been physically prepared, but psychologically undone. If you are to attempt the dodgy mix you should follow a number of points of advice.

i) Try and incorporate some sort of distraction. Find a bulimic friend or a forestry student, and get them to puke all over a table at the back of the Bistro. This usually creates an excellent diversion allowing you enough time to cunningly finesse the rice around the chicken and the fish.

However, be creative, they are beginning to suspect some of the old tricks.

(ii) The utensils they provide are insufficient when it comes to arranging the food correctly within the container. So use your hands instead, just bring along some KFC finger towels.

(iii) Don't get too greedy. Many times students have made it to the cash register only for their container to burst at its seams, spewing out all the evidence right under their noses.

The dodgy mix of 1995 was achieved by a psychology/economics student. Dodgy, not in the sense he was able to disguise the contents of his container with rice, but because of the creativity he applied in constructing it. He discovered the Bistro provides specials every day just before closing time. Scraping up all the congealed muck from every tray, topping it with soggy fruit salad, and sprinkling it with an assortment of dried fruits and nuts, he was able to get this scrumptious delicacy for a bargain price. Let it be said, it was the fulfilment of a savoury dream.

In so few words I can only give you a glimpse of how it is between students and their food fetishes. Our relationship with food seldom occurs to us and yet my ANU food survey-Jey shows one definitely exists. Whether you consume cream buns or feast on four'n'twenties, can be a telling factor about you. So the next time you decide to risk contracting salmonella from a beef 'n' gravy roll at the Refectory stall or condemn yourself to twenty four hours of hard-core constipation from a cheese and bacon pastie at the bakery, thin about who you are and why in-the-hell your eating it.

Nicholas Agafonoff

president's report

This report will be reasonably short because I have spent most of the last three weeks doing only two things. The first is to continue our campaign for the introduction of automatic further exams. Our proposal is that any student who sits on a pass going into a final exam, but ends up failing the unit with a mark of between 45 and 49, will have the right to a further examination. Harry Greenwell, Douglas Guilfoyle, Rachel Standfield and I have personally visited and lobbied almost every Board of the Faculties member and the response has been overwhelmingly positive. We have 38 firm votes in favour on the Board and only 8 firm votes against. This means all the 28 waverers would have to vote against the proposal for us to lose. History suggests that waverers tend not to vote entirely one way so it would require a spectacular disaster for the proposal to be defeated (incidentally, at the February Board meeting about eight people got stuck in the Chancelry lift, so distasters can strike in many unusual ways).

The other activity has been to oppose the Federal Government's appalling funding cuts, which will hurt the ANU severely. The Coalition made the following election promise which Amanda Vanstone seems determined to break: "Higher Education in Australia has been, and remains, overwhelmingly publicly funded. The Coalition accepts the responsibility that flows from this historical fact, and while encouraging a broadening of the sector's financial base, will at least maintain the level of commonwealth funding to Universities, both in terms of operating grants and research grants". The policy spoke about how the decline in per capita funding under Labor had had a detrimental effect on quality, but they now

have the nerve to propose a \$32 million cut and call upon the Vice-Chancellors to find efficiencies while maintaining quality. What a joke!

I have prepared a paper for Amanda Vanstone with a view to gaining a meeting with her. They are currently considering it, but I am not optimistic about the chances of a meeting before the budget decisions are made. I went up to Parliament House on Monday and dropped into her suite, to check how the process was going, but they weren't very helpful. I rang one of the Prime Minister's advisers and asked, a bit cheekily, whether I could meet with the Prime Minister, and he said there was a good chance I could meet with Amanda Vanstone. Perhaps he was just fobbing me off.

I have also written to the Vice-Chancellor to express my concern at the Australian Vice-Chancellors Committee's strategy for the budget cuts. Some Vice-Chancellors seem to be advocating up front fees and HECS increases, which would be a brutal breach of the Coalition's election promises. I pointed out that we will have no moral authority arguing about broken funding promises if we are arguing in favour of broken HECS promises. I spoke with the Vice-Chancellor in the Chancelry yesterday and he said that he took the point and thought it was very proper. I hope this means he won't join with the other Vice-Chancellors and call for fees and HECS increases. I am fairly sure that it does. I will be meeting with him again on Tuesday morning.

The Students' Association will be supporting the rally and strike on May 30, and I urge everyone to attend the rally in particular. Some astute political observers believe the Government deliberately decide to cause panic by talking about huge funding cuts,

with a view to testing how far they could go and still get away with it politically. This means the Coalition is watching carefully the reaction by students. I have been taking very opportunity to speak on radio, but we will need at least one mass display of student anger to be effective. I can assure people that there will be no occupations or flag burning. It will be a mainstream student rally.

I think I owe students an explanation as to why the payment of a cheque for \$2500 to one of the larger campus clubs has been delayed by the executive. There were a number of problems about the grant as recommended by the Clubs and Societies Committee, and these will be considered by the SRC at its meeting on Tuesday. Under the Constitution the power to grant money to clubs belongs to the democratically

elected SRC, and decisions of the C&S Committee have no force if the SRC overrules them. I received notice from one SRC member that they wished the full SRC to consider the grant in question. I attempted to convince this member not to proceed with his complaint, but I was not successful in shaking his conviction that the SRC should make a decision on the grant. Given this, it would be grossly improper for me to sign a cheque for such a large amount of money before the SRC member has the opportunity to use due and democratic process to stop the grant going ahead.

I might thank those who wrote with comments about the exam timetable for their suggestions. Any student is welcome to email me with any concerns they have, and I always reply. My address is
w.mackerras@student.anu.edu.au.

William Mackerras

President Mackerras observes:

The Coalition's election promises:

"The Coalition....will at least maintain the level of Commonwealth funding to Universities, both in terms of research grants and operating grants"

"The Coalition recognises the Commonwealth's direct responsibility for the Australian National University, and will ensure its further development as an international leader in education and research"

"The Coalition will oppose attempts by public universities to introduce pay-as-you-go fees at the undergraduate level as an alternative to HECS"

"AUSTUDY will stay and benefits will be maintained in real terms"

HAVE YOUR WHINGE!

Upset?

Fed up with the quality of your teaching?

Fed up with assessment?

Let down by inconsistency?

Hindered by discrimination?

et cetera...

The Education Committee of the ANU Students' Association is conducting a major review of undergraduate education at the ANU. We will be producing a comprehensive report later this year and therefore need information, regarding the content, organisation and quality of teaching of undergraduate courses, from as many people as possible.

Please send your views to:

Chair
Education Committee
c/- ANUSA
Union Building
ANU 0200

or email them to: a.mackerras@student.anu.edu.au

Submissions may be anonymous and need not be in writing, you can arrange to let us hear your views verbally if you like.

Rich Media Interests Lock Out Clubs

Never bite the hand that feeds you — at least that's the maxim that the rats in the corner of the *Woroni* office live by. Perhaps its a case of discretion being the better part of valour, but what the hell — I never wanted to make a career out of this anyway [sorry eds]. Frankly, the editors of *Woroni* seem to have lost their way. The pressures of getting a paper out on time seem to be too much for them to cope with and just as their offices (with the week old pizza mouldering in the corner), are a health hazard, elements of their publications philosophy would be better off in the garbage bin than manifested in a large — circulation student newspaper. What the hell am I talking about? The bottom line here is that *Woroni* is a newspaper that receives a \$20,000 subsidy from the

student population (a substantial increase on the amount it received the previous year — a year in which they ended up running a surplus and getting themselves a flash new computer) and yet towards the beginning of their term of editorship, the new team decided to discontinue the policy of allowing clubs and societies to place anything larger than pathetic little text runs of 50-100 words — no pictures. Last year all clubs were allowed up to half a full page of advertising, but the spectre of economic rationalism has penetrated even into the world of student (dis)information and the only people allowed to have decent advertising space these days are those from the corporate sector with plenty of moolah and some occasional 'friends of the family'. Free club ads are a perfect way of

giving non-cash subsidies to deserving events, and non-cash subsidies are far more difficult to rot than the bewildered cash cows who sit on C&S and have to be regularly rescued from their own sheer stupidity by the SA treasurer.

Woroni editors have made much of the demise of the student paper *Lot's Wife*, yet fail to make the connection that their own survival may well depend on how hard your average student is going to be prepared to put the boot in on their behalf. May I be so presumptuous as to suggest that locking clubs out of the paper is *not* going to help? Producing a newspaper is not an end in itself — perhaps to make room for some decent club ads you should cut the trashy, opiated rantings of second-rate columnists such as myself.

Bitter and Twisted

Sanitary Fashion

The dawning of individual consciousness is a fascinating process to behold. Watching a baby take its first steps, a child learning to ride a bike, a teenager who has just had his braces removed — these are the Kodak moments of our lives, representing the severing of ties which indicate the assumption of a certain individual character, distinct from the gurgling amorphousness of infancy or the cute impersonality of childhood.

It is true, I think, that there is a certain period in everyone's life in which character becomes fixed, where tastes and ideas and opinions begin to settle, and for most people it seems to co-incide with moving out of home. For though we like to think that we are each of us our own creations, or that we have somehow chosen to be the person we have become, there are certain aspects of our lives which we cannot help but inherit from our parents, and certain choices which more than any others, determine what kind of person we are to be. I'm talking, boys and girls, about hygiene.

Yes, as much as we like to think that it is our taste in food, and clothes, and books, and music, which makes us what we are, surely we cannot consider ourselves truly autonomous until we have made our own sanitary decisions. For how can you call yourself a fully formed adult if you've never bought your own underwear? That necessarily involves choice. Whether that choice is to meekly follow the traditions of your parents, or to defiantly resist and violently betray their affectionately bestowed product-affiliations — to continue with Kleenex or to switch to Sorbent — these are the decisions which indicate you have truly come into your own.

Yet coming at a time of such upheaval, it is in many respects a fearful ordeal. With so many decisions to make, obviously there are going to be some choices we regret. We don't often consider it, but it is a lot to have to deal with all at once: late nights, bills, sex, and a single aisle filled with nothing but various subtly different types of toilet paper — yet two-ply, three ply, this is what defines us as individuals. Toothpaste, toilet paper, underwear and deodorant; it is here that the human condition is truly laid bare. It is a daunting prospect.

I confess that when I moved into college I went a little crazy — experimented, you know. I admit it. For a while I was a toothpaste slut. After all, the family had *always* used Macleans; the connection was firmly established. But suddenly I was brushing with Colgate, with Oral-B — even (oh god) with Aim. Well there was so much around. I can see now a lot of it was involved with sorting out unresolved issues between my parents and I. A 'damn-you-dad-and-your-Wilkinson-disposables, I-want-my-lubricating-strip' kind of reaction. But it's also sort of liberating — you wipe with so much more satisfaction when it's on toilet paper you personally have selected, one that doesn't have little flowers or fluffy animals on it; you feel so much happier when you can apply your spray-on deodorant and not have to worry about finding alien little hairs on a roller-ball.

But at the time, when you're still making those initial decisions, you're vulnerable. And let me tell you now: The Gillette ad is the most powerful marketing weapon on the planet. It is a portrait of rigid-jawed masculinity — what insecure acne-blighted seventeen-year-old can resist that? I never got that father-son shaving/bonding experience — the Gillette man was all I had. And come on, when you're at the dentist, don't you check what sort of toothbrush he's using? Because you want guidance. We all do. Until you move out of home you never have to think about that sort of thing. Then suddenly you're out there, adrift in a sea of shampoo and razor blades — no wonder you think it's dangerous. Eventually, however, you develop your own affiliations. I remember (very affectionately) the first toothbrush I ever bought. It was a Colgate. I agonised. Soft bristles, or medium? Diamond head, or indicator bristles? And oh my god what colour? That toothbrush was going to reflect who I had become. It was a disavowal of my parents' ratty old brushes, each an identical replica from the Reach multi-pack. It was a statement.

I lost it in a week.

Over time, of course, the considerations which you take into account change. Trying to keep up with all the technology is a little bewildering. Are there really scientists who test that sort of thing? The Ponds Institute doesn't really exist, does it? Still, the last thing you want to be is a sanitary fashion victim. Last week I bought the new Oral B toothbrush. It looks like a porsche. The package tells you a lot about its phenomenal handling — I think you might need some sort of license to clean your teeth with it. I am told by female friends they are similarly disconcerted by the immense technology that goes into feminine hygiene, or "those things with wings and rockets", as one friend so aptly puts it. As for me, I think two blades, an adjustable head and a lubricating strip is all that anyone *needs* out of a razor. I think I'm fixed enough in my character to be satisfied with that.

The Ferret

The 47th Intervarsity Choral Festival

Patron: His Excellency the Honourable Sir William Deane, AC, KBE,

Belshazzar's Feast, by William Walton
Les Preludes by Franz Liszt
Te Deum by Arvo Part
Conducted by Emily Cox with Sydney Youth Orchestra and RMC Duntroon Bands.
Soloist Kerry Henderson (Baritone)
Llewellyn Hall, Canberra School of Music
8pm Sat. 13th July
Tickets; A res \$30, \$20, B res \$25, \$15 from the ANU Art Center, ph 2391885

Miserere by Henryk Gorecki
Five Negro Spirituals by Michael Tippett
O Quam Gloriosum by Giovanni Gabrieli
Conducted by Patricia Shaw and Kynan Johns
St Christopher's Cathedral, Manuka
8.30pm, Sat. 20th July
Tickets \$15, \$10 from the ANU Arts Center, ph 239 1885

group discounts available

1996 Welfare Committee

is currently seeking expressions of interest from students for projects to be carried out this year.

contact Daniel Jenkins in the Students' Association on 2492444 or at home on 2990222, or submit your suggestion with name, student number and phone number to the Students' Association Administrator



Monique Brumby — I really did like her style

Several heavysuit men in Grey Armani suits were waiting for me as I stumbled in, late, for a rendezvous with Monique Brumby.

"We told you eleven o'clock, Mr Christ," said the first gargantuan simpleton.

"Yeah yeah, I'm here aren't I?"

"I don't think you understand," said goon number two as he grabbed me in a headlock, "we have a schedule to keep."

These guys obviously meant business. I'd heard the loftier heights of the Sony Multi-Death Corporation was none too pleased with my recent dealings with their precious artists. These rednecks were supposedly here to keep me in line, and out of reach of Ms Brumby. But it phased me not... I had a job to do.

Once the moving tree trunk released me I asked if they would be accompanying the interview process. Goon 1 turned to goon 2 (I was amazed a neck like that could actually rotate more than a few degrees) and laughed, "she don't need our help you skinny little freak. Meet her downstairs in the bar in ten minutes."

I took my puzzled little brain down to the bar and was confronted a short time later by a diminutive figure with short dark hair. The Sony muscle had made a mistake, I could break this girl in half if she pissed me off. I can't be held accountable for my mood swings, I'm a journalist.

"Hi, I'm..."

"I know who you are, let's get this over and done with," she broke in.

She'd been doing interviews all day. Dragged to and fro by the Armani welcoming committee and was not looking pleased with the whole affair. But this was the big time, she had to expect that once you signed on the dotted line, you were product.

She said she'd started up in Hobart, where she grew up, songwriting and busking - an idyllic creative lifestyle, an avenue of expression and creativity. Even the busking scene can grow commercial after a while and she had been heckled to play 'Stairway to Heaven', 'Working Class Blues', 'Up There Cazaly' and all manner of degrading songs. A real creative existence is a tenuous thing and must be followed rather than stored, so she was forced to leave Tasmania, to search for elusive inspiration.

This search took her to England where the vibrant tone of the travelling lifestyle drowned out her sorrow for a while. But the hound of commercialism was not thrown off the scent for long. When she returned from England, it was waiting to greet her at the airport. She was tired and had been running a long time... giving in was the only option.

"You feel sorry for me don't you?" she asked.

"I don't know yet," I replied, "maybe you deserve it."

I had not been on my guard and was actually quite relaxed, so I was not prepared for her foot to be so swiftly planted up behind my ear. I crumpled to the floor. Upon regaining my feet I held up my hands in mock truce and apologised. She would keep.

Her recent history with Sony unfolded slowly. She didn't like what was happening, but she also didn't like starving. Monique even tried convincing me "there were some nice people there."

I liked her style so I gave her some valuable advice, "those are the people to steer clear of. Hang with the maggot infested core that treat you like offal and hate your work' they're the only honest bastards in the system. The rest of the vultures talk to you with shit eating grins and stroke your ego, but as soon as you start sliding in the charts they'll cut your fingers off and throw you on the trash pile."

She recognised the truth of it and nodded slowly, in a way that could almost be perceived as thanks.

Monique opened up a little more and confessed that she had started to run with a rebel group of producers within Sony. They met in secret and put down recordings with old analogue equipment deep in the bowels

of the corporate headquarters. She couldn't stand the new digital crispness in recordings, so instead risked her life to seek out these cellar dwelling recordists that did all their work on 1960's era 8 tracks that gave her songs a raw edge that was closer to their natural state, ie, being performed live. It was all very hush hush, she sporadically darted her head around to catch site of the henchmen, and she pleaded me to keep it to myself. I gave her my word as a journalist that I would not print it. If Monique thinks the bosses don't know what she's up to she's crazy. If it sells the big boys will run with it. And if not she will be crushed mercilessly.

I thanked her as we departed and told Monique to heed my advice, but I had not forgotten her connecting blow earlier. As she turned away from me I lunged at her lower back with a balled up fist, she sweetly sidestepped me and brought a thunderous forearm down on my elbow. It dislocated with a loud pop and I fell to my knees. I saw her feet were already shuffling in a 360 degree roundhouse kick that met the bridge of my nose with a sickening thud, then I saw nothing.

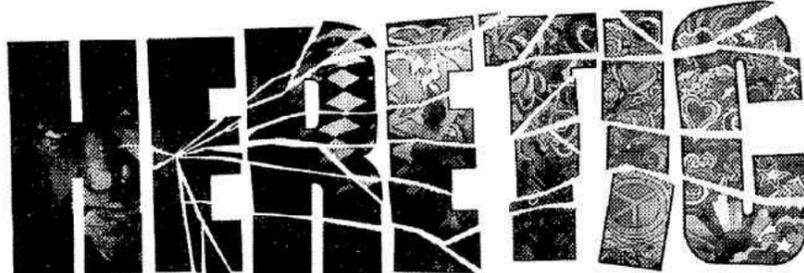
Come to think of it, I really did like her style.

Christ



Monique Brumby

Canberra Theatre presents
SYDNEY THEATRE COMPANY world premiere production



by David Williamson



"...inspired"

Sydney Morning Herald

ROBIN RAMSAY

PETER CARROLL

PAUL GODDARD

with HENRI SZEPS

ELIZABETH ALEXANDER

JANE HARDERS

Director **Wayne Harrison** Designer **John Senczuk**
Lighting Designer **David Murray** Sound Designer **Paul Healy**
Choreographer **Kim Walker** Assistant Director **Peter Evans**

12 - 15 June, Canberra Theatre

BOOKINGS 257 1077/1800 802 025 Groups 243 5709





classic crap

When I consider the nature of this column I think of the things that have fundamentally affected my life — the art of various forms that has influenced me to be the off-the-wall (or is that out-of-his-rocker?) sorta guy that I am today. I could gurgle on about the time I first had a drink and my favourite 10 drinks since, but while I consider drinking an art form, I don't think my opinions would stand up as evidence in front of the Supreme Court of Artisans. I could wax prosaic about that poetic post-move or beautiful blocked-shot fashioned by none other during an illustrious basketball playing past, but that is clearly talking sport and I'd definitely be drummed off *Woroni* for that. So I won't hereafter mention basketball or drinking during the remainder of this Classic Crap. However I will talk about the other stuff; of screen, of scroll and of speaker, that has profoundly influenced the course of my life, or at least claims a piece of my soul.

Robotech, an 82 episode cartoon epic assembled by American Carl Macek from three separate Anime (Japanese animation) series.

I have always loved sci-fi action television series. I remember being 5, and as such only being allowed to watch a little TV, but the one thing that was never denied me was an episode of *Battlestar Galactica* or *Buck Rogers*. My obsession with sci-fi grew with age and imagination, but somewhere along the way, I cannot tell you where or how, a

strange new element was thrown into the mix of space action and handsome heroes that I adored — the twist of *melodrama*. I became enamoured with sci-fi soaked in characters who were deeper than cardboard, who had a past and who I could become *friends* with; whose every joy and anguish I felt as though I knew them intimately, and whose relationships I was *involved* in. I am yet to find a sci-fi melodrama that surpasses *Robotech*.

A grand story spanning three generations of Earth Defenders and three races of menacing aliens, *Robotech* incorporates everything a sci-fi melodrama should. On the sci-fi side there are transformable mecha with catchy monikers, brutal yet mysterious aliens, mind-blowing concepts and breath-taking battles. On the melodrama side *Robotech* sports a diverse panorama of great lead characters, and their interaction puts any conventional soapie to shame. There are bizarre love triangles, ideology clashes, deaths, weddings, lost loves, and the list goes on. All in all, a perfect blend of action, suspense, and gripping drama that possessed me at a crucial stage of development and inhabits me still. I'll love it always, and I swear that one day I will own every episode on tape.

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, and in fact anything (including political commentary!), by Hunter S. Thompson.

It was a Friday night during first year; I

was unemployed and subsisting on very partial Austudy. Thus I came to be standing in *Zorro's* for that luscious hour when poor, drunkard first-years get two jugs of beer for \$6. I was playing pool and talking to a good natured Islander, and when the conversation came around to literature, all he could do was utter the phrase "Hunter S. Thompson" and fall to his knees quivering with a mixture of admiration and fear. Admiration for so brilliant a wordsmith, and fear for the decay Thompson's subversive words had inflicted upon his brain. That was where my obsession began.

Hunter, as he likes me to call him, is an atavistic, drug-fucked, gun-toting, radical asshole — very creative, a lot of fun, but also incredibly dangerous to be around. He writes about the sorta shit we all want to do and get away with, but it is a matter of public record that *he has done it and he got away with it!* He has been writing for various magazines, journals and newspapers, most notably *Rolling Stone*, since the 1960's, as well as producing a swag of novels, and I will read anything I can find that he has written. However, my first Thompson was the all time classic *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* — a trip to find the American Dream his alter-ego Raoul Duke (read Hunter S.) embarked upon with an Attorney, a convertible and a trunk full of drugs. Besides being hilarious, it taught me to let go, get weird, and enjoy what happens.

Dark Side of the Moon, by Pink Floyd.

Now some may say that this is a cliched choice given the fact that it is one of the biggest selling albums ever, or that I'm just some crazed Floyd Freak from hell trying to push my poison on the masses (apparently they're even less bearable than Queen Worshipers!). However, I strenuously deny both charges and tell those who don't approve of this choice for the above reasons to jump in a dark hole of unknown depth. I adore this album for the simple reason that it takes me away, above the experience of everyday to a place not many people can visit without drugs. It is a 45 minute, multi-climactic orgasm of sound and emotion; inflicting pain and then soothing with hope, breaking down and reassembling the tower of feeling inside for a final *release*. I have travelled astrally, quite unintentionally, during this album. I wonder what it would do to me on drugs? I have done it, for *Dark Side of the Moon* is an *experience*, while drunk and it was incredible, amplified - higher highs and deeper lows. Fan-fucking-tastic! If you haven't heard this album, give it three tries. I didn't like it the first time I heard it. And remember, it is an *album* in the truest sense and can only be listened to as such. There is no point in piecemeal listening here. And with those words, embark upon the journey and *feel!*

Matt Ruffin

STOPERA presents

stop 4 operas!?

Director • Stuart Maunder
Music Director • Russell Larkin
Designer • David Longmuir

Monteverdi
*The Battle of
Tancredi & Clorinda*
Hindemith
There and Back
Barber
A Hand of Bridge
Ibert
Angélique

A baroque tragedy, a murder undone, anything but bridge, and a French farce, all performed by young, accomplished singers and instrumentalists at

The Street Theatre, cnr Childers St & University Ave

Preview 27 June 1996 • 8 pm

23, 29 June & 2-6 July 1996 • 8 pm

Matinée 6 July • 2 pm

Canberra Ticketing • 257 1077

Adults \$25, concession \$15, groups \$22, plus booking fee where applicable

This production has been funded with assistance from the ACT Government through its Cultural Council



The Cranberries

To The Faithful Departed

When I first heard the Cranberries, I thought there was an angel singing for them. The song was 'Linger' from their debut album *Everyone Else Is Doing It, So Why Can't We?* and it was beautiful. Lead singer Dolores O'Riordan was floating somewhere above the guitars and strings, sweetly, liltingly, enchantingly. Musically, the Cranberries were largely acoustic, folksy and highlighting the mellifluous Irishness of O'Riordan's voice. The first album consisted mainly of simple but heartfelt love songs and reflections, however, the second album, *No Need To Argue* showed a more social and political side to the group, and heralded a slightly denser and fuller sound on several of the songs. The eerie "Daffodil Lament" marks a break from earlier songs with its mournful undertones surrounding the song and the sadness of the final track "No Need To Argue" delineate a change in the Cranberries sound. The most powerfully different song was "Zombie" which was much heavier and more resentful, and a political comment on the ongoing war in Ireland. O'Riordan's voice didn't croon and soothe its way through this one, but howled and wailed across the distorted guitars and crashing drums.

Now we arrive at the Cranberries' latest album, *To The Faithful Departed*, and the transition from the personal to the social is continued. Produced by Bruce Fairbairn, who is better known for his collaborations with heavier groups like AC/DC and Aerosmith, the album promises a rawer and rough edged sound than previous efforts.

The first track, "Hollywood" contains a roughness that recaptures the metallic jaggedness of "Zombie" and concerns itself with grim reality of life contrasted to the ideals of Hollywood lives. The frenetic "Salvation" preaches to drug users: "To all those people doing lines. Don't do it. Don't do it. Inject yourself with liberty. It's free. It's free." Although the lyrics contain no deep insight into drug use, the music embodies some of the free salvation that the band offers. However, the asperity of the opening songs is not all-pervasive, and much of the earlier gentleness remains in such songs as "War Child", although its subject is the children who suffer the consequences of war. Lyrically, again, the song lacks sophistication: "In times of war, we're all the losers, there's no victory." But it isn't a song attempting sophistication, adopting instead a deliberately quiet, childlike quality that indicts equally powerfully.

"I Just Shot John Lennon" is a buzzy and frenzied track, that concerns itself with the sickening sight of John Lennon's death and concludes with the finality of gunshots.

"Electric Blue" commences with a funeral dirge, and continues the album's thematic focus on death and on what those "faithful departed" have left behind. "Joe" is a song about O'Riordan's dead grandfather and although there is a focus on death and remembrance, but the feel is not morbid but tranquil. "Cordell", about a friend, Denny Cordell, in some respects manifests the album's theme the best of all the tracks: "They say that you've passed away, and I know you've gone to a better place." The song is largely acoustic, and contains a beautiful celtic flute solo towards the end.

The final song on *To The Faithful Departed*, is "Bosnia", which of course is about the war in the Balkans. The song features a march-like beat and poignant horns throughout. "Things could really change if we wanted them to", it hopes. It concludes with strings, a lullaby and Dolores O'Riordan's voice soaring like an angel. Fitting.

Go and get *To The Faithful Departed*. The Cranberries are too musical and heartfelt to ignore, whether you are irritated by some of their social commentary or not. Besides, it's

rare that you hear angels singing these days and you'll surely regret not taking the opportunity to listen. Speaking of opportunities, the Cranberries are playing in Canberra on June 5. See them. You know you want to.

Owen Larkin



Guided By Voices

Under the Bushes Under the Stars

Well here it is, the latest record from Guided By Voices. Those drunken masters of the lo-fi have produced another rollicking effort. Suitably out of focus and melodious, suitably unsteady on its feet and suitably infectious.

GBV sound like The Beatles and the Kinks recording with a punk attitude on really crap equipment, producing tantalising snippets of raw melody and feeling. Most of the songs sound as though they are merely sketches or ideas for songs, like an album of demos, only these are the final product. No pretensions, no doctoring, "no compromises, man".

Having recorded most of their vast back

catalogue of albums at home, *Under the Bushes Under the Stars* is the product of a rare visit to a multitrack studio. Story has it that the band approached their record company in November last year with sixty songs (yes, sixty) recorded with Kim Deal as producer. Chief Rob Pollard was unhappy with the multitrack sessions, wanting to record new material at home "as is, no compromises, man". All but seven of the earlier tracks were scrapped while GBV went back into a studio to bash out the rest of the songs in two days (Phew!). The final cut included twenty four songs from the various sessions.

Like previous releases, the songs are short and numerous. For Guided By Voices, any track longer than two minutes is an epic. For fans, this is a two edged sword. It is good because the crap songs go by very quickly but bad because the good ones don't last long enough. *Burning Flag Birthday Suit* with its excellent acoustic guitar outro and *To Remake the Young Flyer* ("To remake the young flyer/Yes, we must define his high desire") with its flanged guitar line are both excellent. *No Sky, Bright Paper Werewolves* ("Come on polluted eyeballs/stop scouting

out the field") and *Atom Eyes* are classic GBV. For me, the key track on this record is *Red Men and Their Wives* ("Crawl out of bed/they're issuing lives for red men and their wives") which starts softly and builds to a big finish.

For those of you with adventurous and expansive music tastes, this is an excursion to the cutting edge of popular music and well worth your attention. It goes without saying that for GBV fans, *Under the Bushes Under the Stars* is very necessary.

Phil Hall

6 Mile High Hallowed Ground

This EP features four songs. The first track, *Hallowed Ground*, is rather a cool boppy little number with a fairly large amount of a funky grooving bass line. The combination of the clean and crisp vocals of Andrei Mazandarani really work well with the really tight instrumentation. Ambient keyboard sounds are thrown in for good measure and these have the effect of tying the whole sound together nicely without dominating it.

The second track, *Scratches*, sound a bit like the latest *Beastie Boys* album and indeed

does start off with record scratching. In this song the vocals are distorted in a cool Ministry sort of way giving it a really smooth flow. This song works quite well but is not quite as good as the first.

The third song, *Safe to Sleep*, reminds me of more mainstream stuff like REM and U2. It features an acoustic guitar being strummed over cello and is really ambient and relaxing to listen to without being boring.

The final track, *Trip in the Black Jungle* is an instrumental epic lasting for over six minutes. By and large this track reminds me

of the alternative 80's band 'The Fields of the Nephilim' because of the general feel of the combination of ambient instruments and keyboards with fairly aggressive drumming that is reverbed in many parts of the piece. It sound fantastic and is really great to listen to whilst studying or watching late night infomercials with the volume off.

This EP is quite an achievement for 6 Mile High and I look forward to further releases from them. Well worth a listen. *Drunken Disgrace*



Palace

Arise Therefore

Bleak, dark country/indi-folk is the lot of Will Oldham and his band Palace. When I mention country don't start thinking "I beg your pardon/I never promised you a rose garden" or "Like a rhinestone cowboy". Such line-dancing shite is light years away from the repertoire of Oldham. Palace is not strictly country, but they certainly borrow elements of that style of playing. Nick Cave is a huge fan of these guys, if that is any indication of their musical approach.

Arise Therefore is the fourth album by Palace and was produced by noiseman Steve

Albini who has produced for Nirvana, Crow, Pixies and The Wedding Present. After their last album, *Viva Last Blues*, which was a relatively upbeat affair, *Arise Therefore* sees Palace return to the stripped back sounds of their earlier releases. Minimal bass and guitar embellished slightly with piano and paced with "robotique" drum beats, the album moves from one dark sentiment to another and manages to suck you into its world. I find this album very easy to slip into, very easy to enter the world that Oldham intended the listener to envisage.

The record is very sparse which is especially highlighted on the opening track *Stablemate*; "It was hard to know you were the only lover/but that you would test it so carelessly/that you would ruin me if I would not have you/this is your way". The title track combines a swirling organ with an upbeat tempo and lyrics like "There will be no end soon/if I've seen things right that have come/people will be scared/they never will see anything". *You Have Cum ...* and *Disorder* are the high points of *Arise Therefore* the latter providing the line "To see in me a promise of what I

could give/and I to see in her a reason to live". Both are well paced and full of restrained emotion. The sparse instrumentation on these and all of the songs, perfectly conveys the ideas intended by Oldham.

Arise Therefore is special. For this reason it must be treated with caution. There is a lot in this album, and it is definitely not for those wanting a record to listen to while eating their cornflakes or to dance around their bedroom.

Phil Hall



Woroni Does The Big Heavy Stuff

Sydney's Big Heavy Stuff are a guitar band on the rise. Their rocked up rendition of "Free as a Bird" on Denton, the same week as the Beatles new release, is the stuff of legend. Their soon to be released album will continue to add to their growing reputation.

The band have recorded the follow up to their highly acclaimed E.P. Covered in Bruises, which is called *Maximum Sincere*. MS is their second album and certainly puts them back on track after their confusing and disjointed debut album *Truck*. With a change in personnel, Nick Kennedy joining on drums (Nick also plays with supergroup Kniveel) and Eliot Fish on bass, BHS have become a player on the indie pop scene.

I caught up with BHS at their soundcheck for a gig at the Uni bar, a few weeks back where we chatted about Air Supply, managers, other bands and life as a young act. It felt really rock and roll. Greg Atkinson, the lead singer and songwriter sauntered in to the bar. "Hey, are you Greg?", I said, not entirely sure if it was him because of a recent hair cut (his, not mine). "Yeah" he said. After introductions, the band and I piled into their luxurious Tarago parked outside the Uni bar, to escape the noise of the other soundchecks.

W: When does the new album come out?
Greg: Around September, I think. The first single will probably be a song called "May" which is our "Lemonsuck" (Laughs). That will take us on to new heights of popularity.

Carolyn: Then people will come along to see us and say "Oh my God, they are nothing like that!"

Nick: Then they will say "Play 'May'" and we will go "Oh no no that's very passe." (Laughs). No really, "May" seems to be a good solid pop song.

Carolyn: I mean, we would like to release a seven minute version with trip-hop mix included (sarcasm) but we need to be sensible.

W: What happens after the album is released? Are there overseas plans for the band?

Greg: "We have things happening over there now. We have had a single released on an American band, Jawbox's label called De Soto Records.

W: Is it hard to crack the overseas market?
Nick: You sort of have to tour.

Carolyn: To tour you have to be signed. To sign you have to tour. We have a few feet in the door.

Nick: Sarah, our manager, is going over to the States in a few months to do the contact/schmooze thing which we would never be able to do or never be prepared to do probably. We would be prepared to tour but not tour the schmooze scene.

W: Would you guys prefer not to deal with this sort of thing and just concentrate on putting out good music?

Greg: Well we like to know what is going on but we don't specifically have to deal with the

people. You can achieve a lot more without the band having to be there for every decision.

W: Is it scary making that jump to having a manager and giving someone else control?

Nick: Well you ideally have to have someone that you trust. Sarah is an old friend of Caroline's.

Carolyn: Who is "Caroline"?
(Laughs all round)

Nick: Smart arse!

Greg: Sarah would never make a major decision without consulting us first. Carolyn: Management is also good to put forward one focussed idea rather than four individuals each trying to have a say.

Greg: We can talk for hours between ourselves about nothing, and we do. So it is better to have someone go in there, straight to the point.

W: What sort of music are you guys listening to now? Are there any bands that you are relating to?

Nick: We are becoming less and less the sum of our influences and becoming more comfortable with what we are doing. A year ago we would have spouted off all of these records and been really excited, you know, Wow! "It's this, this and that"

Carolyn: We really respect what Regurgitator are doing. Their music is fucking excellent.

Nick: It is just the way that they really take a risk artistically by trying out different things.

Greg: They have tons of things in there and tons of themselves. Their own strong character comes through which is reasonably unique in Australia. Australians are good at copying things but not too good at being original even though we have the potential.

Carolyn: I don't know. After all we've got Nick.

Band: Nick ?
Carolyn: Cave! Nick Cave!

Nick: He's like a freak you know. He is such a rare example of someone respected internationally in the music industry that has managed to keep a hold on what he has been doing for so long.

Eliot: He had to go and move his whole base overseas to get to that level without having his head sliced off by Australian cultural cringe.

W: Do you guys get cynical about the whole thing when you think that the general public for the most part doesn't give a damn and it is just the music lovers who actually pay any attention?

Carolyn: When you play all ages shows, it brings back your faith in live music because they really get into it live bands.

Greg: You also have to not be so precious to realise that it might be everything in the world to you but it doesn't have to be everything in the world to everyone else. You must get that into perspective. You are going to get a certain number of people who love and totally relate to

what you do. And then you will have a whole group of people who will be totally indifferent to you and who gives a shit! Everyone wants to be able to survive on playing rock and roll, and who wouldn't? But you have to realise that you are not the centre of peoples universe.

Carolyn: (Singing the opening line to the Regurgitator album, which was recorded in Thailand) Music is huge in Asia and we have been trying to crack the Asian market for ages. We've been doing Tina Arena covers and everything. I think that they love The Cure and the Jovi, really sort of mainstream stuff.

Greg: They dig Air Supply I believe. They are coming out here soon and I'll be there in the mosh pit.

Carolyn: They live in America now. They completely disowned Australia.

Greg: Well we don't understand them you see. They are criminally misunderstood in Australia. It was the third album syndrome in their really dark period (Laughs, Laughs)

Nick (American accent): Air Supply, the Black album!

Greg (American accent) Cuts like a Razor!

W: What were some Air Supply songs? I can't remember any.

Carolyn (singing): "I'm all out of love/I'm so lost without you..." That just came out of the bowels of my

Nick: "I'm All Out of Love", "Lost in Love", "I Love You Baby", etc.

W: Just to get away from Air Supply,
Band: (Laughs) Please do!

W: On *Covered in Bruises*, the acoustic song "Will, There's a Way" is really good. It reminds me a bit of The Grifters.

Greg: Hey, you can throw those comparisons at us any time. We love the Grifters.

W: Yeah, I know, that's why I said it!
Band: (Laughs)

Carolyn: How did you know we were Grifters fans?

W: Well Nick has done the hard sell on me for some of their records at Red Eye (A store where he works in Sydney).

Band: (Laughs)
Nick: I was probably all over you like a cheap suit. (Laughs)

W: Do you guys play much acoustic stuff live?

Greg: We haven't really gotten into that because we are a band that is based around the whole rhythm thing. Sure we could do it but I don't think it would be very interesting.

Nick: It is a bit of a hassle live. You need all the proper gear as well, \$2,000 guitars and special acoustic amps to get the sound where you want it.

Greg: We have been banned from playing certain Sydney venues because we are too loud. Like the Sandringham Hotel.

Nick: Won't have us back. Isn't it great.

(Laughs all round)
W: What is in the set now?

Greg: Mainly new stuff. We had this uni gig the other night and there was this guy yelling out for these songs from *Truck* which was hilarious. It can be fun to delve back into the back catalogue but we are not in the position to do a greatest hits package.

Carolyn: We went to Adelaide and had people yelling out for "Fiendish Plot of Mayo" which is actually "Fiendish Plot of Mao" (Laughs) which is a B-side of one of our singles three years ago.

Nick: We'd be going, "Gee that's amazing but



we can't help you." We can't remember how to play it.

W: Were you guys all on *Truck*?
Carolyn: No Elliott and Nick were not.

Greg: No, but they weren't far away, these boys.

Carolyn: They were actively involved in slugging us off at gigs at the Sandringham; "Oh you guys, I'd play that very differently if I were you." So we went; "Alright you better be in the band then". (Laughs)

Greg: They were the guys that used to stand down the front with their arms crossed.

Nick: Yeah, going; "Oh jees, I wish I could help you. You need help." (Laughs)

And with that, BHS were off, but not before asking me were they could get some dinner. Check out their fab EP *Covered in Bruises* and keep an eye out for their new album *Maximum Sincere* and you might yet be charmed by this band.

Phil Hall

Fugees The Source

The (ref)Fugees are providing a bit of difference with this release, trying to mix R'n'B (not the hillbilly kind) and Hip-Hop in a way that sounds good. This has been done before, with Philadelphia groups such as Redhead Kingpin and Bell Biv DeVoe, who had a very tightly produced, smooth, silky sound, but it was in an arena far removed from the heavy sounds of hip-hop. The Fugees have the beefier New York sound; on tracks like *The Source* they can snarl about their technique and how badly ("that's bad meaning good") they mean to do business, and they pass the mic around with an easy consistent flow, but contrast this with deeply sensitive female vocals.

It works, and the singer, Lauryn Hill, is the best rapper, but puts it in a wierd market. For people such as myself, who hold R'n'B in great disdain, it makes it an inconvenient listen as you

have to keep getting up and changing the track number, just as I'm sure it would make it inconvenient for your

shiny shoes, two-button cardigan wearing R'n'B fan who would be settling down into a romantic moment when a rough raw track comes on, ripping the mood apart.

The other complaint I have of the album is the cover of Bob Marley's *No Woman No Cry*,

which is both painful and stupid, substituting Brooklyn and New Jersey for Trench Town

throughout the song, for little point except to

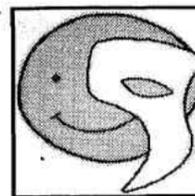
boast about where they come from. Sure I'm jealous but I just don't see the point. I can't say this for the rest of the record though by any means; the Mask (nothing to do with Jim Carrey, at all)



is great, probably my favourite, is one of the few that asks real questions, asking whether you can smile and wear a mask and do what you're supposed to do - get a job, eat shit, play the game. And the track *Fu-Gee-La* has two remixes one by Diamond D and the other by Sly & Robbie, which make the grade.

If you like both Hip-Hop and R'n'B then this could well be the album for you, as it will fulfil both your passions well and easily. It could be pretty big as it has been getting a lot of play on JJJ, with the song *Killing Me Softly*, and there's a lot of momentum behind New York Hip-Hop at the moment which could carry them a fair way. If you're a fan of one or the other then this could make you broaden your tastes or consiladate your opinions. But if you want to hear scary raps about crack and kung-fu, don't buy it. 3 Stars.

White Boyccc



Phillipe Genty

Stowaways

Forget Shakespeare, forget David Williamson, forget Harold Pinter ... enter Phillippe Genty. Nothing you have seen before will prepare you for the wizardry and mystique of his work. Nothing is what it seems, and just when you think you have a grip on certainty, it is flicked from your grasp by another illusion. In an incredible melee of eerie rippling landscapes, Genty creates strange, primaevael beasts that vomit up people from within, singing kangaroos that wander over the stage, living people that are folded up and tucked under one arm.

The performers in this bizarre creation of imagination are as astonishing as the background; they first appear as a motley bunch of characters in an array of clothing better suited to a freak show and circus — a dwarfish ballerina who carries a pair of legs around in her suitcase, a hunchback with a moving hump, a fat lady who emerges, like a moth from a cocoon as a slim, dainty creature in swimming costume and cap. These individuals interact with each other and their surroundings in a fluid and mesmeric

manner, sometimes they appear to be taunting and mocking their various deformities, other times they unite in childlike wonderment of a new apparition in their midst. The link that follows them all through the performance is Ernest, in Drizabone and Homberg hat, varying in height from human-sized to a foot-high little man who

holds a small light up to see through the blackness around him. Little Ernest is not perturbed when a full size human face (the same height as he) appears in the doorway of his home — he lights a match, and burns the house to the ground.

Phillipe Genty is a world-renowned puppeteer and theatrical magician whose

unique work has been appreciated by audiences from as far afield as South America, Edinburgh, and most of all in his native France. He has appeared in Canberra several times in the last decade, each to widespread acclaim, and it was with great anticipation that I was invited to attend his most recent achievement.

Genty's work is singularly individual amongst theatrical styles — as he states "Stowaways deals with an inner voyage, one should not expect to be told a story. The spectator is invited to travel among a series of sequences linked through association as in a dream ... illusion is there to crumble the rational." (Sunday Telegraph, 21/4/96).

The performers themselves are an amazingly talented and diverse group of people, with interests ranging from mime, choreography, fire-breathing, trapeze work and humour. The sheer stress that this kind of work places on the body is evident with the streamlined, muscly figures they all display

Bianca Nogrady



Midwinter's Tale

Greater Union

The drama. The passion. The intrigue And rehearsals haven't even started.

Written and Directed by Kenneth Branagh. Stars: Michael Maloney, Richard Briers, Mark Hadfield, Nicholas Farrel, Hetta Charney, Joan Collins, Gerard Horad, Celia Imire, Jogn Sessions, Julia Sawalha.

What is it that makes otherwise intelligent, sensitive adults prepared to give up security, privacy and sanity for the fleeting world of lights and action? What is it that makes otherwise sane people abandon all perspective and emerge themselves in the world of make believe? It is these and other questions that writer/director Kenneth Branagh sets out to answer in his gentle comic ode to thespians and Shakespeare.

'Midwinter's Tale' is the story of Joe Harper (Michael Maloney), an intense, unemployed

and desperately neurotic actor who draws together a band of poverty stricken and like minded wannabe actors to stage Hamlet on Christmas Eve. They choose the ironically named village of Hope and a tumbling down church to shack up, act out and philosophise on life, love and fine art of acting.

This is a labour of love for Branagh who obviously has been through similar situations himself and will mean most to fellow (aspiring) thespians. The script is hilarious in parts, such as the auditions scene where the chosen Ophelia (Julia Sawalha) auditions by a rendition of Debbie Harry's "Heart of Glass", or the various ranting and ravings of the costume designer, Fadge. Other, more subtle comic relief comes from the casting of Joan Collins as the agent for Joe Harper (no more needs to be said). Branagh's talent for the very

difficult art of comic writing is bought out by some very funny lines in the movie ("Hamlet is Bosnia. Hamlet is me. Hamlet is this desk. Hamlet is the air. Hamlet is my grandmother. Hamlet is geology ... in a very loose sense") but it is a gift that does not translate as well into the more serious thoughts of the characters, who at times, as they come to grips with their various life neurosis, come across as a bit corny (or that is what the person next to me said).

On the whole though, Branagh does a fine job in bringing out the central themes of the movie: the fine line between fiction and reality and the exploration of personal experience actors inevitably go through in putting on a play as powerful and beautiful as Hamlet. As one of the characters, Tom Newman, states

"I am here intellectually, physically, and thingierme to put on a play".

Branagh's direction is superb, which is highlighted by the powerful performance given by Joe as the energetic and passionate Hamlet in the final 15mins of the movie. Overall this is an entertaining and fun film from one of the finest writers and directors around (unfortunately Branagh doesn't appear himself). His story of love of the art of acting and of people reveals an insight into the otherwise unseen world of theatre for these of use who have never been bitten by the obsession of acting. Perhaps it is this obsession which makes Joe Harper conclude "What is the point with going on with this shambles ... what makes this fucking life worth living".

Hannah Rechter

Stopera

Stop 4 Operas! opening at the Street Theatre on June 28 is gearing up to be Canberra's most exciting opera event of the year. Four complete works make up the night's entertainment: Monteverdi's *The Battle of Tancredi and Clorinda*, a baroque tragedy; Hindemith's *There and Back*, contains a murder and a suicide, but then again, maybe

not!; Barber's *A Hand of Bridge*, which is anything but bridge; and Ibert's *Angelique*, a completely over the top French farce.

Stopera has been lucky to secure director Stuart Maunder for the production. Stuart, based in London, is taking time out from his work with English National Opera to come to Canberra and direct the production. The

music director, Russell Larkin, hails from the South Australian Opera Company, while the designs are by well known and respected Canberra designer David Longmuir. Stopera singers are already making waves in the professional world of opera. After appearing in *Stop 4 Operas!* Jae Woo Kim leaves us for

the Australian Opera. Also appearing are two favourites from the immensely popular *Les Misérables*, Imogen Parker (Eponine) and Terrence Den Dulk (Marius).

Stop 4 Operas! should be every student's post exam therapy. Tickets are in hot demand

Luciano Pavarotti

CANBERRA THEATRE presents the Melbourne Theatre Company production of

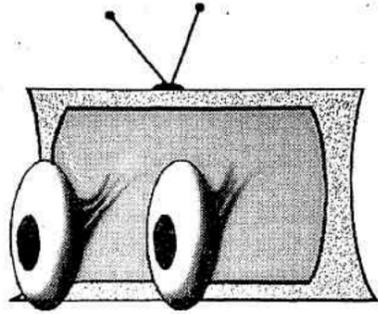
MISS BOSNIA

by Louis Nowra

From the author of *COSI* comes a moving comedy of the human spirit.

26-29 June
Canberra Theatre
Directed by Nadia Tass

BOOKINGS 257 1077 OR 1800 802 025 • GROUPS 243 5709



Othello

Electric Shadows

We are, it seems in the midst of a revival. At a time when large chunks of the English literary canon are newly available at your local cinema or video store, when Henry V nestles snugly on the shelves between *Revenge Of The Nerds* and *Police Academy 6*, emerges this new reworking of Shakespeare's magnificently complex tragedy. Directed by Oliver Parker, *Othello* succeeds in revitalising this much filmed play, skillfully avoiding the possibility of mimicry whilst staking out a clear interpretive line.

Two imposing father figures stand guard over the content and structure of this film, they are the Orson Welles 1948 screenplay and Laurence Olivier's adaptation. It would I suspect, prove difficult to film *Othello* without succumbing to the influence of these great filmmakers, such is the breadth of their creativity and the colossal legacy of their influence on Shakespearian cinema.

The refreshing aspect of Parker's film is that it doesn't pay empty tribute, nor does it simply pillage its predecessors. Parker borrows with a discerning hand from past productions without sacrificing creative autonomy.

In its setting and cinematography the film draws from Welles, emphasising the dark, brooding world of the shadow, and borrowing the recurring motif of imprisonment. *Othello* is a play of moods and passions, the density this technique provides serves to bring out key elements from Shakespeare's text.

In characterisation, however, Parker doffs his Elizabethan cap to the influence of Olivier. *Othello's* nobility is emphasised, but we are constantly reminded he is a soldier. Contained and suppressed, violence bubbles beneath the surface of *Othello's* character as this man of war is confined to the domestic

sphere in Cyprus.

Parker's *Othello*, does not take a radical stance in interpreting the play. Rather, the production is delineated and driven by the quality and composition of its cast. The title role is taken on by Laurence Fishburne, who captures the tragedy of *Othello* well in his best performance to date. Perhaps surprisingly, however, Parker's production hinges less on *Othello's* character than on the traditional villain Iago.

Kenneth Branagh is perfectly cast as Iago, the orchestrator of *Othello's* tragedy. In so many productions Iago seems woodenly evil, boringly machiavellian, Branagh gives him life and shows us simultaneously just how good he is at interpreting and performing Shakespeare. Irene Jacob (*Three Colours Red*) tackles the role of Desdemona with subtlety and understanding.

The casting of Branagh as Iago makes his character the focal point for the film, Branagh handles the spotlight with his usual relish, hamming to the camera during Iago's speeches to the audience (the retention of these from the original text was an unexpected bonus).

Interpretively Parker is not radical in his cutting of the text. There are, however, traces of modernity such as the strength of female characterisation. Much has been made in modern theatrical criticism of possible homoerotic motivations for Iago's villainy. Parker inculcates this notion into his production without fully entertaining it.

Ultimately, *Othello* succeeds largely through the talents of its cast. Although it will do little to revolutionise the sub genre of Shakespearian cinema it provides intelligent, subtle and genuinely worthwhile entertainment.

Harvey Finklestein



win!win!win!win!win!win!

Courtesy of Fox/Columbia Tristar, Woroni is giving away 10 free double passes to *Othello* at *Electric Shadows* and 10 huge posters.

All you have to do is guess how many men Desdemona sleeps in the movie with, drop your answer in the box outside the Woroni office with your name, student number and phone number.

win!win!win!win!win!win!

Dead Man

Electric Shadows

In *Dead Man* Johnny Depp plays "William Blake," a hapless accountant from Cleveland, who having lost all that was meaningful in the world, travels across the country in search of a fresh start. However, whatever hopes he has are quickly destroyed as he finds himself without money, family, friends, or work in 'Machine', a hellish town on the fringe of the Wild West. Unfortunately, Blake's naivete quickly lands him in trouble and he becomes a wanted man with a price on his head. To avoid capture, Blake undertakes a journey into the wilderness with the help of a quirky and sarcastic Indian, called 'Nobody' (Gary Farmer).

Ironically, Blake's flight is in vain, because although he doesn't yet realise it, he is already a dead man. However, before he can pass into the state of death/re-birth he must journey through purgatory. Pursued by villains, and entrapped in a cycle of violence and evil which follow him from Machine; he is tested in ways he would not have imagined. In this way the film shows death to be rite of passage. Depp must negotiate the ambiguous and sometimes disinterested forces of good and evil, life and death and only once he has reached a particular state of awareness is he ready for the next stage.

Dead Man is a road film without the bitumen. It reminded me of "Zen and the Art of Motor Cycle Maintenance" with its

landscape/ spiritual journey metaphors.

Dead Man begins in the plains goes up to the mountains and then down to the sea. At each geographical point is a different level of Blake's enlightenment. Helped along with Nobody's guidance and derisive sarcasm Blake attains a new sense of self and comes to accept his death. Eventually the forces of life and death which guide, pursue and propel him along the journey cancel each other out; freeing Blake to complete the final stages of his journey across the ocean. Metaphorical rebirth? Or simply a return to the womb? Be warned, watching *Dead Man* is liable to provoke a film analysis which will have your friends moaning with boredom and your housemates wishing they'd kicked you out ages ago like they'd been meaning to.

But, before we get weighed down with meaning. I should also mention that *Dead Man* is very nineties in

an eclectic post-modern kind of way. It relies on the audience's understanding of the film media and western genre to communicate wry jokes and side-long cracks. It manipulates western cliches, such as three bounty hunting stooges, and a wise Indian guide who has a surprising appreciation of English poets and continually speaks in riddles; despite Depp's appeals to him to "cut out



Sgt. Bilko

Greater Union

Every once in a while, a film of real quality and integrity invades our movie screens. This is one such film.

One usually expects films like this to contain only as many really funny scenes in the actual movie as there were in its promo. But this little gem just keeps rockin from start to finish.

I was a little put off at first by the G rating; I usually go for nothing short of MA, but I thought Steve Martin was worthy of at least one chance to impress in an almost-kiddy flick.

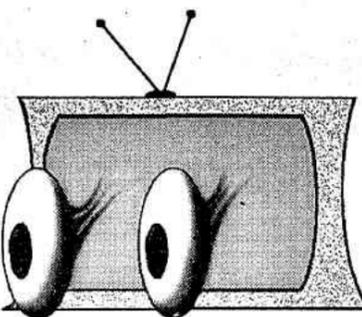
I've copped some editorial flack recently for not actually including any real 'review' of

the subject matter in my pieces. So in the spirit of conciliation I went to the movie theatre sans mind altering drugs and strapped myself in for a dry ride. All I really needed was Steve, my new drug of choice. He rolled through this formula Hollywood construct slicker than OJ's lawyers. I mean if you're going to see a Hollywood film, don't mess around with their pseudo arty crap... go straight to the source: bad comedy.

Mr. Martin plays the Supply Sergeant in a run down Army base that is trying (but failing to) create a new hover tank. Sgt Bilko has a gambling den set up in the maintenance area that folds up in about 30 seconds

when they get the signal from the base radio - champagne comedy! The crazy hi-jinks these wacky soldiers get up to is enough to keep you rolling for a hundred minutes.

One standout is when Sgt B convinces his CO (that's Commanding Officer for all you civilians) to send him on desert manoeuvres that just happen to be a short tank ride to Las Vegas. Rolling down the main drag in an armoured personnel carrier Sgt B is moved to tears by the sight of so much neon glitter. In the first casino he visits he asks the manager to go down and tell all the money in the vault that he'll be with it shortly -



champagne comedy!

Well I'll leave it to your better judgement, or lack thereof, whether to see this movie or not. Just remember: bad comedy will catch up to you wherever you are, at parties, on the bus and through your friends, so you may as well learn the language and learn to fight back. For those of you out of touch, here's a starting point. Next time someone around you exclaims they "feel like a coffee", that is your cue to say "you don't look like one!". Ha! Brilliant!

See you at "Down Periscope"

Christ

Crumb

Terry Zwigoff

While the office goth is frequently wont to write luke-warm or outright hostile reviews of the material peddled by the consumerist powers of the entertainment industry, the film *Crumb* is in a class above the trash to which the office goth is normally exposed. In fact, *Crumb* is one of the best videos the office goth has seen for a long while.

Crumb purports to tell the story of cartoonist Robert Crumb and his adventures in the big bad world of American counter-culture. The film examines Crumb's attitudes to his art, his lack of empathy with the US mainstream, and the effect of a difficult childhood in shaping Crumb's career. One of the film's most appealing aspects is its highly informal documentary style. The entire work consists of a series of clips of Crumb himself, and people such as his brothers, wife, former girlfriends and critics discussing aspects of his

work. There is no narrative, and only occasional interruptions from an interviewer. The camera work is very informal, and occasional shakes and bumps add to an overall impression of spontaneity about the interview process.

The result of the informal style in which the movie is presented is that viewers are left to draw their own conclusions about Crumb's work, rather than being expected to accept the propositions presented by a narrator. This is important because of the controversial nature of much of Crumb's work. Throughout the video, Crumb comments on concerns such as the superficiality of an American culture where people's ultimate aspiration is to sell out and live a life devoid of thought, and dominated by mass culture. One issue which arises, and on which different viewers will form different conclu-

sions, concerns Crumb's depiction of women and African Americans. At various points in the film, some critics accuse Crumb of racism and, more often, objectification of women. Other critics and Crumb himself suggest that this is a very simplistic interpretation of Crumb's cartoons, which aim to expose rather than celebrate discriminatory attitudes within society, and shock their readership into considering this issue.

Even those who are not familiar with Crumb's work are likely to enjoy the video *Crumb* because of the blackly critical picture which it presents of twentieth century American culture; its informal style which allows readers to draw their own conclusions; and its candid insights into an artist's mind. *Crumb* comes highly recommended.

Office Goth



Television: The Drug Of A Nation

The Clive James Show

By some incontrovertible law of television, the desk in each series of *The Clive James Show* (ABC 10.30 pm Saturdays) seems to expand. Exponentially. Thus the latest offering from Clive has him situated behind an elephantine expanse of desk, barely visible to the naked eye. The producers eventually found a camera zoom strong enough to make discerning his face a proposition, after sending in comedian Ruby Wax to locate him. When she did they reminisced about their rude introductions into British culinary culture. For Clive James is an expatriate Australian. Really he is an ex-expatriate, because it's around three decades ago that he left Australia and almost as long, probably, since he hung around expatriate bars complaining about it raining all the time.

The desk, we soon learned, had a purpose. In a set that otherwise looked like it was for a North Korean game show in which the first prize was a tractor that doesn't start and a doubling of your work quota, it was integral. Spread out across it were unusual stories from *The Guardian* and *Observer*, which Ruby Wax and Clive proceeded to chortle over. "What did you think of The Church of Elvis the Divine?" he asked, and his guest replied with the correct amount of witty contempt. Clive James admits to tightly scripting his own lines on his show, so it was particularly interesting to see his reaction when Ruby Wax disbelieved one of the more

image-provoking stories, about sending Britain's mad cows to Cambodia to clear landmines. "It'd be raining wallets" she finally offered, but no-one mentioned Margaret Thatcher, so it was obvious both were badly shaken.

With Ruby Wax and newspapers removed, Clive turned to a staple of his series, making fun of appalling television from around the world. Before every Daddo and his dog had a programme about the world's worst television, Clive James had already perfected the art. Luckily, thanks to America, there's enough to go round. We were introduced to Harvey Sid Fisher's videos of singing star signs. Any chance insightful, life-altering, messages might be imparted was ruled out by Harvey's flat singing, execrable lyrics, and the accompanying dancers' scarce but still somehow overwhelming clothing.

Living in Los Angeles (where else?) now, Harvey was asked by Clive what inspired him. "I thought this was the greatest idea since the discovery of dirt" he responded cheerfully. He added, tongue firmly in cheek, that should this enterprise fail, he was also considered one of LA's top ten thousand models. It wasn't possible to tell whether Clive James' final guest had his tongue in his cheek, as Hugh Laurie (*A Bit of Fry and Laurie*) had been aesthetically incapacitated by a beard thicker than most of the Government frontbench. He called it a "tax deductible appliance" for a recent movie

role, and that's about as good as it looked.

Princess Di: James Hewitt Reveals

Taking the lead from all good soap operas, *Princess Di: James Hewitt Reveals* (WIN 8.30 pm Monday), filled its viewers in on previous events. James Hewitt, we were informed by a helpful Gina Boon, was the "polo-playing toff" who broke Princess Diana's heart. Gina pretended she was quoting from a British tabloid, but the vitriol with which she added "bounder" and "rotter" to the list of adjectives indicated otherwise. Competing with the melancholy strains of Elgar to describe the plight of the Princess, Gina managed to fill out nearly a quarter of the programme before James Hewitt was allowed to speak.

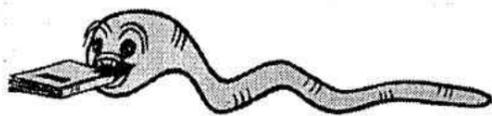
When he did, he insisted that it was not for money or selfish reasons that he chose to appear, but because he owed it to family and friends. Given the flood of negative publicity, one can't begrudge him his own version, it's just that in the British press his freedom of speech shades into market access. Hewitt, looking comfortable in a lounge chair surrounded by photographs of his two great loves, horses and Diana, spoke with quiet dignity. He confided the relationship with Diana began "by accident if you like" and that he'd always "got on well" with Charles. Torn between former kindergarten teacher and country, he often mused, we were told, over whether he should have gone and seen a senior officer. Perhaps his senior officers

already knew what was happening, because Major Hewitt soon got stationed to Germany, and then sent off the Gulf War.

Always seeing the bright side of life, Hewitt "looked forward to it in a very positive way" as it would enable him to "get out of the situation in an honourable way". Being killed in action would have "solved an awful lot of problems". Expectations of seeing a love-crazed Hewitt leaping from trenches in suicidal attacks were quickly disappointed though. Far from being killed by enemy or friendly fire (or another Bob Hope tour), Hewitt survived without a scar. The only bombshell that came close to Hewitt was a newspaper which one of his soldiers dropped next to his tank, which revealed Princess Diana had already started helping the Daily Mirror with their inquiries. "Contrary to public opinion, I did not kiss and tell" he sniffed.

Notably absent in all of this was the BBC interviewer, who spoke a mere four words and remained off-camera through the entire programme. Adding to the confessional tone of the piece, it was a pleasant contrast to Australian interviewers, some of whom mistake their enormous egos and repeated interruptions for credibility. With a willing and open participant like Major James Hewitt at least, the quiet style works, proving sometimes less is more.

Garth Crawford



Stephen Coote

John Keats: A Life

We tend to reduce great poets to their poetry: the writer and the work becoming the same thing - the word Keats signifying only a certain collection of 'canonical' ballads, odes and sonnets, or perhaps symbolising genius cut tragically short and doomed young love. The word Keats gives us no sense of a complex, pained, noble, jealous, spiritual, warm, witty, bawdy, moody and contradictory man who lived in tragic circumstances during a highly troubled period of English history. This book does, and that is its strength. It is not merely a biographical analysis of the poems, or a historical contextualisation of them: it is a detailed study of a passionate, vibrant, idealistic individual determined to devote his life to poetry, the experiences that formed his character, and his enormous struggle to realise his genius. Coote restores to us a fascinating and unpredictable Keats: the sheer humanity of the man revealed is, at times, as astonishing as his poetry. Keats has been derided for his belief that writing poetry might "do some good" in the world. In fact, for a man of Keats' background and convictions, to write poetry was to be branded as seditious: he espoused radical politics in the highly repressive British state of the early industrial revolution; and as a

member of the new middle classes he was proclaimed an intruder upon the gentry's preserve of literary writing. Coote also deals in a straight-forward way with the self-confessed complexities of Keats' attitudes to sexuality and relationships with women, so painfully evident in his overwhelming passion for Fanny Brawne.

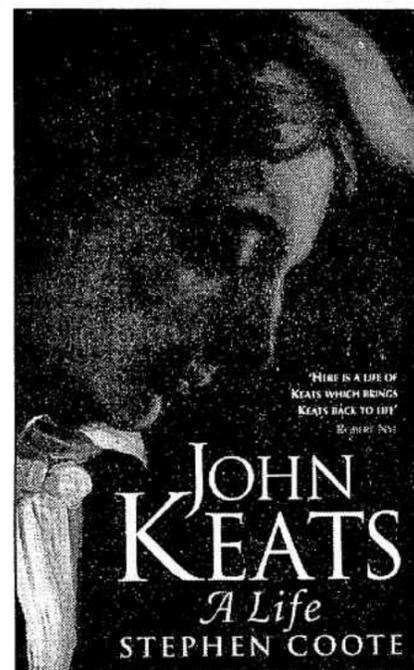
This biography is not, however, a picture of a sexually or politically motivated poet, but a poet attempting to formulate a philosophy encompassing human suffering, in the absence of a conventional Christianity. Keats, within his own life, was to find hard-won insights into the human relationship with pain. He also consciously attempted to open himself to experience: a socially active man, he moved in often colourful Regency bachelor company, befriending painters, poets and editors, forming a close friendship with Shelley and a more distant connection with the increasingly reactionary Wordsworth.

These friends urged Keats to strive for greatness, and Coote correctly identifies as his first display of true genius the unfinished tragedy "Hyperion", a work confirming Keats as a writer on an epic scale, as well as a master of shorter forms. If Keats was blessed in his friends (though such radical company

damaged greatly his reputation), his family life was truly tragic. This book spells out what is usually compressed to a biographical note: the early loss of his father, his mother's hasty remarriage and early death, the enclosure of his little sister by unsympathetic guardians, the huge psychological blow of his brother George's emigration to America and the agonising weeks at the death-bed of his younger brother, from whom he contracted the tuberculosis that was to kill him. Keats' own total incompetence with money became another source of extreme stress. Ill health and poverty made any idea of marriage to his fiancée, Fanny Brawne, impossible. The sheer misery of this seems only to have exacerbated his decline, just when his literary reputation was beginning to recover from the poisonous vitriol heaped upon him earlier by establishment critics.

Keats was the last born of the great Romantics and the first to die, and within his brief life was packed one of the most extraordinary achievements of English literature. For those wishing a fuller appreciation of his vitality, extraordinary humanity, and ultimate tragedy this biography is nothing less than essential reading.

Douglas Guilfoyle.



Roger McDonald

The Slap

The Slap exposes Australia's cultural identity to a jarring ride of legends and images reborn. This is Roger McDonald's fifth novel and it is as tragic, colourful and Australian in reflection as the story from the panels of Arthur Boyd's *Ned Kelly* series.

The story surrounds the Amoss and Hatton Finchs who flee modern Australia to go bush, make a go, be artists and nestle in a life on the land. They fleet down hills, comfort each other, invite other artists up to paint their Eden. Then the two men head for the second world war, returning darker shadows to an Eden dry of innocence. The bush's solitude is broken by urban explosion, highways are blasted through, a child twisted by poison is born and dreams once held so close leak and empty.

Like its title this novel's story is savage and real. In the first part of the novel, *Blast*, Eden is tortured into a stagnant heap by the crippled boy Tanner Hatton Finch. Poisoned as a boy Tanner's pain and anger shapes the lives of those around him, leaving behind a twisted canvas of agony and vulnerable hope.

When everyone's voice clamours to be foremost in controlling the boy, the idealic bush retreats in flames mad with anger. The nymphs and other creatures of fantasy, created by visiting artists vanish into Bunyonesque watercolours. Destruction sweeps the area like a fist fingered with weapons, for the pain that sweeps Tanner's body needs constant expression. The law, Cyril Arnott, leans with an angry face upon



the Finch family and Tanner, till later in life beyond thinking Tanner destroys a police building. Unknown to him the act kills young Neil O'Hara's family, recently arrived to replace the constable who tortured Tanner into the act.

The second part of the novel, *Litter*, examines Tanner's release from jail and the power of friendship and love that could only remain and comprehend such tragedy. Roger McDonald's potent writing crouches so cleverly within Australia's identity, its hard to believe that his stories and characters are not real and his name not more widely known.

Robert Umphelby

Peta Spear

Sex Crimes

When I asked why she chose erotic fiction as her genre, Peta Spear answered that she was inspired upon first reading Henry Miller: both the power of sex and what she calls the "erotic imperative" in literature and by the sheer lack of interest his female characters held for her. Spear's collection of short stories adds to the growing volume of erotic fiction written by women. It makes a big difference. Spear's women are of a very different mark from those painted with a male brush; they are strong, are sure of what they desire and of who they are. Spear says she wanted to redress the imbalance in erotic fiction caused by the dominance of the "classic woman as a receptacle - either for frustrate desire or unleashed desire", which she says "doesn't offer a woman any sense of empowerment as a reader". Naomi who cannot be possessed; Chiara who trampolines her way to freedom, Michaela, who fills her

artist's palette with her lover's blood to create magnificent still lives, and Lena, who finally traps her lover in her invisible gaze, are all characters who offer the reader something beyond titillation. They prove that good erotic fiction fulfills the same purpose as all other forms of writing by offering readers an opportunity to broaden their sense of common human experience.

I asked Spear whether her desire to create these women-informed character was a conscious political one: "I set out to write about the political sexual women without consciously setting out to discuss that. The context of *Sex Crimes* is my desire to speak of desire, and given contemporary work done in textual studies regarding desire, I don't need to theorise with my fiction. Writing fiction and non-fiction criticism allows me complete freedom of expression. That's why I can pursue the erotic imperative of my

characters so cleanly." Certainly Spear avoids an overly self-conscious tone and the reader has no sense of the writer grinding any kind of feminist axe. Her stories achieve a political goal without subjugating their characters to a political agenda.

Spear's style varies from a spare, present-tense, Easton-Ellis-esque prose to stark and surprising poetic imagery. The structure of the book is interesting, as each actual story (all of which contain a strong and suspenseful plot) is divided from the next by a short prose-poem, most of which are written in a quite lyrical style and depict a mood or personality rather than a series of events. This is an ingenious tool for Spear to display the full range of her talent for expression. It also means the reader gets a mixture of the uplifting and the fairly bleak. The short stories are generally without happy endings and depict relationships which in themselves

are destructive, although the characters often transcend them. The prose-poems however, are images of triumph and sometimes of deeply-felt sexual bliss. Spear says of her collection: "It's called *Sex Crimes* and it is thematically connected with sex as more than a bonding experience between two people. I want to talk about the incredible power that sex has over people - it brings them together but it also tears them apart. It marks them ineradicably - like a scar. And that's not meant to be incredibly negative, and I think that this is incredible human".

With *Sex Crimes*, Peta Spear has created a host of characters with whom the reader can really connect: a varied feast of literary style; yet another triumph for women in fiction (and thus for fiction as a whole), as well as a heap of juicy bedtime stories. A great achievement.

Sarah Gilbert



Behind the Face

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINT TO FIT



Let's Fix This Campus!

It is about time that the campus infrastructure was redesigned to make the ANU more simple to navigate for the average student. How many of us can honestly say that they have never missed a lecture because they didn't have a bastard clue where they were supposed to be going? How many times have you raised your face to the sky and prayed to whatever higher lifeform that may exist out there for something to be done?

An answer may lie within a proposal recently tabled before the University Council. This plan adopts the idea that universities should be run the same way as hospitals. This does not mean that they intend to close every university in Victoria, but rather that the tactics used in hospitals to simplify moving from one area to another could also be used to benefit university students.

The central idea behind the proposal is for different coloured lines to be painted on the footpaths and roads around campus. Green may lead to Forestry, red to Arts and a rather nice hot pink would lead you straight to the Faculty of Economics

and Commerce.

The largest area of contention concerning the project is to do with where these lines should radiate outwards from. The frontrunner in the race to be the centre of the ANU is naturally the Uni Bar. Deane Terrell suggested an alternate system in which all these colour coded lines led directly to the Cashier's Office. This plan was widely ridiculed.

The upshot of this for ANU students is that in the future it will be possible to be completely trashed from the abuse of different substances and yet still be able to attend lectures.

A small demonstration was held outside the Chancellery yesterday protesting that this new proposed system discriminated against blind people. As a compromise it has been decided that a combination of colours and different bumps will be used to overcome this injustice. The new system may well be up and running towards the end of this academic year. If you thought that the bright colours you are seeing in the gutter are either vomit or due to the trip you have just taken, chances are you could be wrong.

Why did the chicken cross the road?

Plato: For the greater good.

Hippocrates: Because of an excess of pink gooey stuff in its pancreas.

Thomas de Torquemada: Give me ten minutes with the chicken and I'll find out.

Douglas Adams: Forty-two

Oliver North: National security was at stake.

Jean-Paul Sartre: In order to act in good faith and be true to itself, the chicken found it necessary to cross the road.

Aristotle: To actualise its potential.

Buddha: If you ask this question, you deny your own chicken-nature.

Salvador Dali: The Fish.

Darwin: It was the next logical next step after coming down from the trees.

Saddam Hussein: This was an unprovoked act of rebellion and we were quite justified in dropping 50 tons of nerve gas on it.

Ronald Reagan: I forget.

The Sphinx: You tell me.

Terminal Stupidity

I have been told by the editors that I am not insulting enough people with this diatribe, so this month you can bet I will. This month's Terminal Stupidity award goes to cats. Yes, cats. Those preening, prancing, pretentious little balls of impersonal fur. I detest them, and I call them stupid. Any replies from the greater cat community? Meow... purrr. Ah, no, not quite. And you know why there were no answers? Because cats are shit-stupid! Can you teach a cat anything? No. Does the next door neighbour's cat learn that I don't like it when I kick it repeatedly as it attempts to rub against my leg? No. The flaming moronic thing just keeps coming back for more, and oh how I love to dish it out!!! Bloody cats... or at least they are when they're roadkill...

Besides their IQ, there are other things I object to about cats. The names they're given, for instance. I mean 'Moggy' and 'Mr Pebbles' and 'Snappy Tom'! Is it just me or do cat names really suck? And then there are those damn cross-eyed Siamese cats who are always pissed off at something. Why would you get one of those cantankerous bastards? And then there's the cat propensity to kill native wildlife and upset naturalists. I mean, cats pick on Greenies — how low is that? Finally, look what they did to the Egyptians. The poor misguided Nile Dwellers were the most advanced civilisation on Earth 4000 years ago, then they started worshipping cats and they've gone from pyramids to dysentery and an annual per capita GDP lower than a fortnight of your Austudy! Cats, not only are they terminally stupid, but they're a curse... mark my words!!!

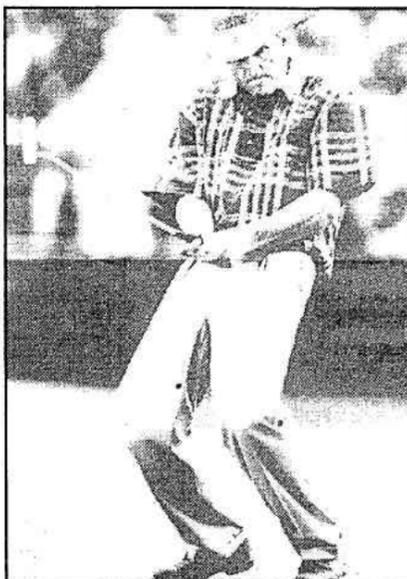
Renaissance Man

Homophobic Loser of the Month Award

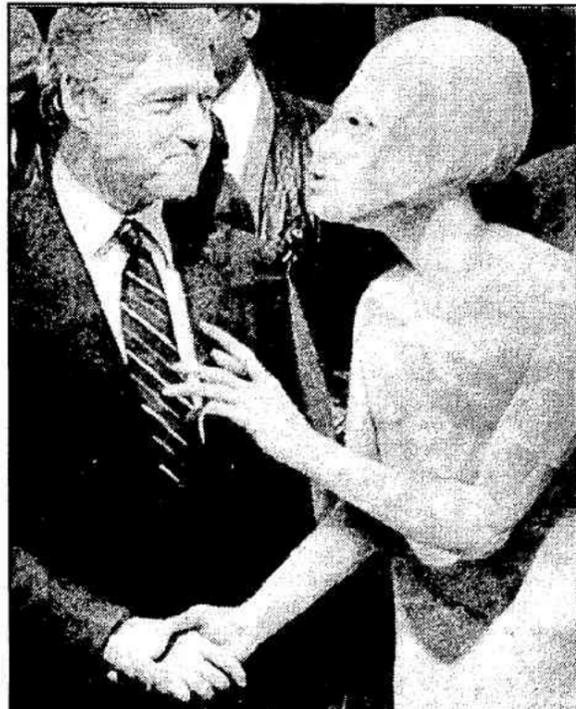
United States Congressman Don Young of Alaska, addressing a meeting of students, argued against continued federal funding of the arts on the ground that funded projects included "photographs of people doing offensive things." When asked for a specific example, Young replied "butt-fucking."

caption competition

last month's entry



"The latest in the Greg Norman line of Sex Toys: A Golfer's Putt has a Knob on the End!"



This exclusive photo, shamelessly ripped off from that triumph of journalistic integrity, *News Of The World*, claimed to offer irrefutable proof of Clinton's off-world tax haven. Shown here with his private accountant, Clinton had little to say in his defense. Woroni asks you to offer your explanation of this photo, and you and your accountant can win free tickets to the Uni Bar concert of your choice — totally tax deductible of course. Just drop it in the box outside the Woroni office!

Is caffeine more important than sunlight?

The Take a Bite Taste Test

<http://www.vamp.org/zines/tab-1.html>

Is caffeine more important than sunlight? This question from the goth test set our corporate scientists to work, and after several lightning lit midnights, and the horrible dismemberment of several Igors here are the results.

Caffeine content in mgs per 12 oz can:

- Jolt 100.0
- Sugar-Free Mr. Pibb 58.8 *
- Mountain Dew 54.0 *
- Tab 46.8
- Coca-Cola 45.6
- Diet Cola 45.6
- Dr. Pepper 39.6
- Pepsi Cola 38.4
- Aspen 36.0 *
- Diet Pepsi 36.0
- Canada Dry Cola 30.0
- Canada Dry Diet Cola 1.2

* Not available in the UK

A 7 oz cup of coffee has the following caffeine content:

- Drip 115-175
- Brewed 80-135
- Decaf 3-4

Tea actually has more caffeine per cup than coffee. Therefore the top 3 drinks with caffeine according to Take a Bite are:

3. Jolt Cola: tastes filthy, kicks like a mule on speed
2. Coffee: a warm mellow drink causing shakes and psychotic episodes if you have more than about 17 cups
1. Tea: boiled water and leaves served with or without cow-squirt. Goes some way to explain the English.

Please note: Pepsi Max does not figure in this survey as I drank it all.

Cut your heating bills in half this winter!



With sharp household scissors, only \$10.95* a pair.

*(price does not include \$39.95 for postage and handling)

Deadly Pet of the Week



This innocent looking guide dog has been responsible for the deaths of three out of its four previous owners. This German shepherd, Lucky, has an uncanny skill for surviving close calls. Lucky blithely led his first owner in front of a moving bus. The second owner was led off the end of a pier. The third was led in front of a moving train, whilst the fourth,

the lucky survivor, was observed being taken out into heavy traffic and then abandoned. Lucky is described as being a damned good guide dog apart from small training problems and the odd epileptic fit. *Behind the Face* challenges anyone to rip out their eyeballs and take him for a stroll down a highway.

old and decrepit.... 1978

Fight politics in the classroom...

HOW TO SPOT A RED TEACHER



COMMIES (they call themselves "Marxists" or even "Socialists") have infiltrated our schools. They are trying to indoctrinate you with Commie ideas. They sneer at our British race and nation, and everything that has made Britain great. Don't let them get away with it! Be proud to be British, and fight back against Commie brainwashing.

Commie teachers use many tricks to bend your mind. Here are some of them, and the way to answer back.

This very special ad from the Young National Front occupied half a page in *Woroni* in 1978, and included some hot tips on spotting "commies" like:

- If you get lessons in 'social science' or 'social studies' then you are probably being fed on a diet of Marxism.
- Commie teachers will tell you that all races are 'equal'.
- Commie teachers will try to tell you that to

oppose multi-racialism is to promote 'race-hatred'

- They will tell you that 'capitalism' is bad and that Communism was organised by the workers who opposed it.
 - Communists will tell you that the British Empire exploited coloured people and was created by capitalists.
- The Young National Front says "Keep Communism out of the Classroom!"

Nef
375.947
WOR

NATIONAL LIBRARY
23 MAR 1999
OF AUSTRALIA